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[For the Register.]

ERRONEOUS STATEMENTS.

It seems to us a duty to correct promptly, any erroneous statements which may appear in our widely circulated public journals, affecting the character of any important institution; otherwise, impressions may be left on many minds, never to be effaced. In view of this duty, give us leave at this time to correct certain statements which first appeared in the New York Inquirer, and which, week before last, were transferred to the Register. They are contained in the following paragraph:—

"Sunday schools, which have had a modern origin, very poorly take the place of the old catechetical system, which had for its object the specific communication of Scriptural facts and Bible truths, simply as objects of knowledge, to all the people. Our Sunday Schools are confined to the young, and they have very much the vice of our ministry to the adults. They aim not so much at a communication of expressly Christian knowledge—the text of the Bible and the implicit facts and precepts of the Gospel—as at a general training of the young in all moral and spiritual things. They fail very often, therefore in leaving any reverential, humble or effective religious impressions or permanently useful knowledge on the minds of children. For this reason they do not possess the confidence of the most thoughtful persons—oftentimes want intelligent and devout teachers, and, in fact, seem to be temporarily occupying a ground which must presently be filled with something more to the purpose."

Error 1. "Sunday schools which have had a modern origin, very poorly take the place of the old catechetical system." Is this so? The old catechetical system existed under two forms. In the first form, it was an annual visitation on the part of the clergyman to the families of his parishioners, at which, the Assembly's or some other catechism was recited by the younger members of the family in the presence of the elder: or, it was an assemblage once or twice a year, in some central place, of all the children of the parish, when the catechism was recited by them to their Pastor. Was such a visitation or such an assemblage for once or twice a year better than the "modern Sunday School!"

The only other mode of which we have any knowledge, was the District School system. Under this system the New England Primer was used, and a small portion of one day in each week, usually Saturday forenoons, was devoted to the recitation of the Assembly's, or some other like, Catechism. Now, was recitation in this form, for a half a day or less in each week, during their short school terms, not exceeding then four months in a year, a better system than the modern Sunday School, with its thirty or forty or fifty sessions a year, with a teacher to every five or six scholars!

Error 2. But it may be said that this old system was better, because "it had for its object the specific communication *of Scriptural facts and Bible truths, simply as specific objects of knowledge.*" But was this so! If we are not wholly mistaken, as we have before said, they used under this old catechetical system, the Westminster Assembly's Catechism, or one of the same character, or it might have included this, and Watts's Shorter, and Cotton's Catechism. But while, as we all know, these were all strictly catechetical in their form, they communicated anything rather than "Scriptural facts or Bible truths, simply as objects of knowledge." They are made up of abstract and abstruse propositions with very few Scriptural facts or Bible truths for their support.

Error 3. But in the third place, were this otherwise,—supposing it was the object of the old system to communicate such facts and such truths, we should like to be informed, how in this respect it was better than the modern Sunday School!—It is a fact, so far as we are informed, *that in all these* modern *schools*, in our denomination, catechetical instruction is their principal business and object. Catechisms are used in all our schools and in most of the classes of these schools; and where there is no Catechism strictly speaking, the Bible or the New Testament is used as a text book. These manuals are not only catechetical in their form, but they are much better designed and prepared to convey to the child's mind "Scriptural facts and Bible truths" than any of the old catechisms ever were. Any one, at a glance, may be satisfied of this who will compare Allen's, or Carter's, or Fox's Questions, or Peabody's Catechism, or Huntington's Parables, with the Assembly's or any other of the older manuals.—The Worcester, which is used so much, or Channing's, or the Christian's Catechism are no exceptions to the rule. The basis of them all is the Bible or the New Testament; and to most of their questions, the answers are to be given in the very words of the Bible. How any system could be devised more effective for conveying "Scriptural truths and Bible facts," to the young mind, can hardly be conceived.

Error 4. "They (modern Sunday Schools) aim not so much at communicating, &c., as at a general training of the young in all moral and spiritual truths." Our Sunday Schools, as we have seen by the preceding paragraph, *do* "aim" to communicate the "text of the Bible, and the implicit facts and precepts of the Gospel." A large portion of their time is devoted especially to this object. But it is true that there are other exercises in most of our Sunday Schools besides those which are strictly catechetical,—the general exercises as they are called,—the reading of the Scriptures, the prayers and the general lesson,—but we are yet to learn that in thus aiming "at a general training of the young in all moral and spiritual truths," that therefore our Schools "very poorly take the place of the old catechetical system," or "fail to leave any reverential, humble, or effective religious impressions or permanently useful religious knowledge, on the minds of children."

Error 5. "They do not possess the confidence of the most thoughtful persons." This is very strange. They had the confidence, while living, of Channing, of Tuckerman, of Ware, of Whitman, of Peabody, and we are wholly unapprised of any change which has taken place in this relation since their day. If we look at the names of those who now act as the Officers of our several Sunday School societies and associations, both laymen and clergymen,—if we ascertain who, out of office, are the most active in their behalf,—if we seek to know whose are the children found in these schools, we shall find that the proofs are strong, if not irresistible, that the "most thoughtful persons," including the Governors of States, and the candidates for that office, our Counsellors, our present and past Senators, indeed, many of those standing in our highest places, do bestow upon those institutions their unqualified "confidence," aid, and respect. If it be true, as this writer observes, that "they seem to be temporarily occupying a ground which must presently be filled with something more to the purpose," we shall rejoice to learn what that something is, and to know that it is so soon to put aside, as *effete*, the Sunday School forever.

AN ANCIENT TEACHER.

For the Register.

SUNDAY AT THE FIRESIDE.

When the duty of mental improvement, by reading or study, is urged, a common reply, from many persons, is that they have not time. Every working hour is demanded by their business; or if there is a brief interval of leisure in the evening their bodies are so wearied by toil, or their minds so exhausted by care, that they have no inclination, scarce the ability, for any intellectual pursuit. A similar apology is offered for the neglect of the duties of social or domestic intercourse.

We wish to urge upon such persons the value of our weekly season of rest and leisure. Do we realize that our Sundays are actually a seventh portion of our time—that they occupy nearly two months in each year—and ten years in a life of seventy years! Can we accomplish nothing in two months or ten years! It is true that each of these periods is brief, but this is not a disadvantage. There is something in abundant leisure and opportunity which tempts to waste; as the epicure turns loathingly from a feast of which thousands would gladly partake. A plan of employment may continue from week to week, in many cases from year to year. One of our most earnest writers has spoken eloquently of the privilege which the poor now enjoy, by the aid of the printer's art, of communion with the prophets, poets, historians, teachers of the Scriptures and the loftiest genius of later times. But what does this avail, if six days are given to uninterrupted labor and the seventh is wasted in thoughtless inaction, frivolous gossip or the perusal of worthless novels! We would apply here our Saviour's question. "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" Is there not time for rest, for mental improvement, for social intercourse! Is there not time for these things without neglect of public worship!

We meet with those who are disheartened by the difficulties in their path. They are ready to exclaim perpetually, "Behold and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow." Might not such persons be aided and comforted if they would read the best of the Biographies with which the press abounds! These teach us that sorrow, disappointment, conflict occupy a larger space, fulfil a nobler mission in the discipline of Providence, than a hasty thought would lead us to imagine. When we hear of one noted for good deeds, the thought comes that such an individual must possess health, leisure and wealth. We suspect, perhaps, that his active benevolence serves to relieve him from ennui as much as any higher purpose. Let us look then at the life of Elizabeth Fry, the friend of the prisoner and the destitute. We find her, at times, struggling with ill health—bowing beneath bereavement—thwarted by indifference or neglect.—Would not familiarity with such works help the dejected to look upon their lot with more cheerfulness! Might they not thus gain light for the dark passages and strength for the rough ways of their pilgrimage? If so, let Biography have a place and a large place in our Sunday reading.

But some would like a wide range. Why should they not have it! History, we grant, if read *simply* as a record of events, of dynasties and battles, is not a profitable pursuit for holy time. But is it, if so read, of much use at any time! But if one will read sacred or profane history with the desire to learn its lessons he will find much there for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. He will find the record of man's opportunity and neglect, reward and punishment. We welcome also the more general perusal of popular works upon the sciences; not doubting that their ultimate tendency is to promote faith and not skepticism. If the farmer when he sowed his seed and gathered his harvest could behold on every hand proofs of Divine wisdom, goodness and love, would he not regard his occupation as less of the earth, earthy! If the artisan knew more of the forces with which he works, would it not lift his thoughts to the great Architect!

With these brief hints upon Sunday reading we would say, in a word, read *any thing* which will increase your faith in God or your love for man—which will extend your knowledge or strengthen your virtue.

We have space for only a single thought upon the opportunity which the day of rest gives for domestic intercourse. We hear much said of Thanksgiving day as a *home festival*. Should not Sunday possess more of this character! The pursuits of the counting room, the field, the workshop are laid aside; and the school-room and the play-ground are deserted. Parent and child are brought together that they may act and react more directly upon each other. Is not this an arrangement of a kind Providence! Is there not thus opportunity to note the first symptom of evil before the whole system is diseased! May not that love, which comes from no outward tie, but is the result of cordial sympathy and friendly counsel—may not that love be deepened! May not our feeble reverence thus gain new life and vigor!

As men shall thus find Sunday useful, yea indispensable to the growth of mind, heart and soul, they will cling to it with an affection and tenacity which can never arise from obedience to the letter of the Decalogue or the chapters of the Statute book.

We give below a theological statement of Christian doctrines from a sermon just published by Mr. Livermore. It is, like everything from his pen, distinct and judicious, and there is always a charm to us in clearness of thought and expression.—What follows from Mr. Simmons's Lecture on the Trinity will to some of our readers seem less perspicuous and satisfactory, but it involves elements, not specifically recognized in Mr. Livermore's statement, which are to our mind essential to the fulness of the Christian character and the culture of those purely Christian affections which are diffused as a divine atmosphere through the Church. We are redeemed by the Father, through Christ, in the fellowship of the Spirit, and the whole process of our religious life, so far as it is purely Christian rather than Jewish or Deistical, is thus carried on. We care nothing for the word Trinity, except that we should prefer to follow the Scriptures in respect to it and never use it in the statement of our Christian experience. We think that Mr. Simmons rather obscures than elucidates his subject by introducing it as a part of his own belief; though, if we understand him aright, we entirely agree with him in what he says.

A CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.

We feel assured that as Liberal Christians, we have a Christian Theology, an interpretation of the Gospel, which escapes most of the errors, and embodies most of the truths, which are to be found in the superannuated bodies of divinity. The doctrines of God, the Father; Christ, the Saviour; and Man, the brother; of life, as a school to learn in, and not a prison, to suffer in; sin, as a fearful, but not an infinite, and not necessarily an eternal evil; of forgiveness, as consequent on repentence and amendment, and on the sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty; of the sufficiency of Him to save, whom God has appointed to save, though he be less than God, and more than man; of faith as rational not less than scriptural; of character as determining our condition hereafter; of a righteous award, and justice administered with mercy, and the spirit shining more and more unto the perfect and eternal day—these doctrines, and others kindred to them—we are convinced are true, and will win their way. We claim not infallibility, but appeal to revelation, interpreted by reason in the light of faith. And for a true revival of religion, not a transient emotion, but a deep, life-sentiment, we feel bound on all proper occasions to preach, teach, enforce these doctrines. They are full of light and love, and wherever spread, the theological night will flee before them, as the darkness before the morning aurora. As we welcome another laborer to the Master's service, we trust that he will be the diligent student of this nobler Christian theology, that he may be a powerful and persuasive preacher of righteousness. If you would satisfy man's thirst, or purge away the errors and evils that infest the human soul, draw, my brother, draw from the deep fountain of the Gospel the waters of everlasting life.

THE TRINITY.

The proper Trinity of Scripture is the threefold presence with us of God,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, which we confess in the formula of baptism. The original unadulterated faith is expressed in the Scripture language that the *Father redeems us through his Son, in the fellowship of the Spirit.* The whole Trinity is there included; nothing of it left out. One who forms his opinions on the New Testament, must accept it; for of these three great facts the whole fabric of the gospel is woven. There is the Father whom we worship; there is a properly divine Redeemer, a part of history; and there is the eternal Spirit, helping our infirmities, superintending and from within building the Church. This is unquestionably Scripture teaching. A man may believe differently from this. But he cannot believe that the burthen of the New Testament is different.

Now I have said that you all believe this Trinity. But I should have said only that most of you believe it, and that those who do not, are generally regarded among us as defective in their enjoyment of the gospel scheme, and not representing the whole faith of the Church. There are some of you, probably, who do not believe in the divine character of Christ, but only esteem him as an excellent and model man. They then do not accept the second branch of the Apostolic statement; which attributes to Christ as the Son of God from his birth, *divinity*, and sets him forth as the pre-ordained representative and organ of the Deity, to whom no other is to be compared, whom no equal preceded, and no second can follow. An opinion which I now repudiate, that solely by his moral excellence Jesus Christ was the Son of God, I defended and enlarged upon in the tract to which I have before referred. But I now join with others in believing that the sonship of Christ lies in his natural being; that in him was perfection and untarnished likeness to God; and that through him God brought to light "the great mystery hidden from the foundation of the world," and dwelt in a new manner upon the earth. And thus you and I join together in believing the second part of the genuine Trinity.

There is necessity indeed here for discrimination. For you may think I am speaking of the miraculous character of Christianity. But the miraculous character of Christianity is one thing, and the divine character of Christ is another. You may believe in miracles wrought in attestation of the truth by power of the Supreme God; but if you do not find reason to believe that Jesus Christ was himself divine, according to his own word, that he was in the Father and the Father in him,—if you find not something divine in the very being of Christ, which set him up as one *sui generis*, distinct from all others, you have not this part of the Trinity of the New Testament.

And when we are called upon to define wherein the divinity of Christ consisted, or in what part of his being it lay, and with what effect it acted on his human faculties, we are called upon to tell what we know nothing about. It is common indeed to speak of Christ as a *manifestation* of God. But so is the ocean a manifestation of the Creator; and it is evident enough that Christ claimed a connexion with God different from that of the creatures of the natural world. If the word manifestation then does not explain it, we must seek some better term. *Inspiration* is less than is embraced in his divinity; for as an inspired messenger merely, he would be, like John the Baptist, but one of the prophets; and he is much more and different. If the gospels are true, his very nature, his constituted being, (of which his miraculous birth was a token) was expressive and resultant of a divine action and force; nay more than this, was representative and mediatorial of the presence of the very God, so that through him we came to God, and in him, in his own word, saw God. And this the Apostle John expresses by the phraseology, the *Word* of God was *incarnated* or made man, in him. And with these poor and inadequate explanations I, for one, am obliged to leave the whole matter.

But, there is a *third* part to the evangelical statement, namely, that a guardian Spirit superintends the Church, and inwardly assists our weakness. "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities." I would not say that *all* receive this. There are not a few estimable believers in Christ, who do not either theoretically or practically accept this article. Some even of the believers in Christ's divinity, do not accept this article. They believe, rather, that the Father having created the world, and then through Jesus Christ redeemed it, left it to itself, having provided it with perfect instruction and given it adequate assurances of his love, and threatenings of his displeasure, withdrew from it and let it go on according to its natural laws. And those who entertain this view, cannot surely be charged with the Trinity. But, however numerous this class may be, the acknowledged scripture teaching is that God abides in his church, that he resides with us as the builder of the spiritual temple, that he is with us as the Comforter or Paraclete, that he bends low out of heaven in this peculiar form of condescending grace, to minister to our weakness, invigorate the religious life, and bind us together in Christian fraternity.

Now there are many in our time who do not accept this as fact. Whether you call them rationalists, transcendentalists, or by whatever other name, meaningless or not, you may call them, the class is numerous. And for character and genius it is imposing. We do not say, at least I do not say, that they are not Christians, but that in the reception of Christianity that they are *imperfect*. It would be a shame and slander to deny, that under the scheme of naturalism, the best faculties of the mind may rise in delightful and serene soarings, though not, as we think, with the fullest spiritual repose. But under that scheme virtue will be the virtue of stoicism, and the mind's soaring will be that of contemplation, not of prayer. It will be the true school of heroism; for all virtue will be practised under a sense of desertion. You will find that in proportion as this view of man and life prevails, virtues will grow sterner, and prayer more contemplative. But this latter indeed will gradually cease; for it is the natural fruit only of a faith which connects us by a living tie with God.

It may be said that this school make much on the contrary of *inspiration*. But they make too much of it. If all is inspired, nothing is inspired. And that presence of God is nothing to me, which I share with the clod.

This matter of the Spirit, then, we regard as part of the great fact that Jesus came and died for. All sound Christians agree in this. There is one Lord, and *one Spirit*. . . . . .

And this great scheme of faith, this comprehensive digest of the substance of the gospel, exhibits our faith in such a manner as to exclude those various heresies, which lie on different sides of us, and which, however beautiful, graceful, intellectual, subtle, or profound, are shown not to be Christian, inasmuch as they have not in them this scripture Trinity. Thus if a teacher of religion couples Jesus and Confucius, I immediately see, and every one immediately sees, that he has not the scheme of the gospel. He may have its spirit; but he certainly has not its scheme. And though an angel from heaven should discourse with seraphic sweetness on the beauties of holiness, he could not communicate unimpaired the power of our faith, unless he at the same time preached Christ as standing single and unapproached, the Author and Finisher of the one religion.

And so however just and discreet the *moralist*, unless he believe in a present God, so as to be induced to prayer that the Spirit may be poured out upon his heart, I may allow him as an excellent adviser, and value him as an example and a friend; but I cannot have recourse to him for the highest comfort, nor go to him for the deepest communion. Why, there are depths in our souls, secret recesses and closets in our hearts, which are never unlocked except by prayer. I will live with my friend, and love him and admire him; I will think I know him, and have fathomed both his understanding and his heart; but I will stand by his side when he prays, and something new and utterly unforeseen shall be disclosed, and I enter into a more lowly, simple, and perfectly sweet communion with him, an identity of assirration and affection, an interchange of moral life, which transcends every other form of earthly intimacy. This is called in scripture the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Would that this were a commoner experience! Would that this kind of friendship were a commoner enjoyment! We never are truly united, until we are praying together. The personal separates. The critical separates. Passion separates. But when we give both mind and heart into custody of the Spirit, we are united together as Jesus and his disciples were.

I hope I have not brought confusion into your minds. You will easily see that I have spoken of two distinct things. When I spoke of the doctrine of the Trinity as not belonging to practical Christianity, I meant the theological theory, the article in the creed. Now,—when I speak of the fact of the Trinity as what sound Christians believe, I mean the living disclosure God has made and is making of himself to man, the scheme of the Bible. It remains for me to explain the connection of these, show how one rose out of the other, and wherein the transition consists.

And first wherein the transition consists,—or, in other words, what is the nature of that passage of the mind, by which it goes on from the gospel scheme to the formation of the theological tenet, from scripture fact and the heart's experience, to the doctrine of the synod and the confession.

The Trinity which we have hitherto considered is only a three-fold fact, in which, indeed, God appears under a three-fold aspect. But the philosophic mind finding itself launched by revelation on a shoreless ocean, immediately casts its plummet, and endeavors to find a necessary cause and basis, in the being of the Self-subsistent, for that three-fold character which he assumes *to us*. And in making that awful leap from the illuminated to the dark, from that in which we have firm footing to the unknown, and from relative to absolute being,—who is there that does not see, that the act is adventurous, unsustained, and hazardous! It is not a flight, like that of prayer; it is a leap in the dark,—an attempt to examine without eyesight, and to feel for the features of that which has no form.

I cannot but confess my astonishment, that any mind can hazard that spring from the revelation to God's nature in eternity. For what do we know of God but what he has chosen to reveal! And Christianity surely does not admit the favorite idea of philosophy that by contemplation the mind can rise above the revelation to the essential. There is and can be nothing higher than that which is revealed. And the essential and absolute is distinguished from that, not by being higher, but by being removed from our cognizance. The thought of mapping the divine mind would fill any single breast with dismay. It could only be enterprised by co-operating generations. Certain I am it can form no part of religion; for the mind must in it lay aside its religion, and examine with calmness what devotion views with dread.

The Eclectic Magazine for December has from Frazer's Magazine a selection of stories from the *Gesta Romanorum*. We give two or three for the entertainment of our young friends. Older persons may be interested in the story out of which Parnell's Hermit was made.

"HIS WAYS ARE NOT AS OUR WAYS."

Once upon a time there lived a hermit, who in a solitary cell passed night and day in the service of his God. Not far from his retreat an humble shepherd tended his flock. Happening one day to fall into a deep slumber, a robber carried off his sheep. The owner of them, turning a deaf ear to the excuses of his servant, ordered him to be put to death for his negligence,—a proceeding which gave great offence to the hermit. "Oh, Heaven!" he exclaimed, "the innocent suffers for the guilty, and yet is unavenged by God! I will quit his service, and enter the giddy world once more." He accordingly left his hermitage; but the Almighty willed that he should not be lost, and an angel, in the form of man, was sent to bear him company.—Having made each other's acquaintance, they walked on together towards a crowded city.—They entered it at night-fall, and entreated shelter at the house of a most noble captain. He took them in, gave them a sumptuous supper, and then conducted them to a bed-chamber decorated in the highest style of art. In the middle of the night the angel rose, and, going stealthily to an adjoining apartment, strangled their entertainer's only child, who was sleeping in his cradle there. The hermit was horror-struck, but durst not reprove his murderous companion, who, though in human form, exercised over him the influence of a superior being. In the morning they arose, and went on to another city, where they were hospitably treated by one of the principal inhabitants. This person possessed, and greatly prized a massive golden cup: in the night the angel stole it. Again the hermit held his peace through fear. On the morrow they continued their journey, and having met a pilgrim on a bridge, the angel requested him to become their guide. He consented, but had not gone many yards with them, before the angel seized him by the shoulders, and hurled him into the stream below. The hermit now came to the conclusion that his companion was the devil, and longed for an opportunity of leaving him secretly. As the vesper bell was ringing they reached a third city, and again sought shelter; but the burgess to whom they applied was a churl; and would not admit them into his house. He said, however, that if they liked, they might sleep in his pigsty. Not being able to procure a better lodging, they did so; and in the morning their surly host received as his remuneration the purloined goblet. The hermit *now* thought the angel was a madman, and told him they must part.

"Not until I have explained my conduct," said the angel. "Listen, and then go thy way. I have been sent to unfold to thee the mysteries of Providence. When thou wast in thine hermitage, the owner of a flock unjustly put his slave to death, and by so doing moved your wrath; but the shepherd, being the victim of ignorance and precipitate anger, will enjoy eternal bliss, whilst the master will never enter heaven until he has been tormented by remorse on earth, and purified by fire in purgatory. I strangled the child of our first host, because before his son's birth, he performed many works of mercy, but afterward grew covetous in order to enrich his heir. God, in His love, is sometimes forced to chasten, and beneath the tears of the sorrowing parent his piety will spring again. I stole the cup of our second host, because, when the wine smiled brightly in it, it tempted him to sin. I cast the pilgrim into the water, because God willed to reward his former faith with everlasting happiness. but knew that if he lingered any longer here below, he would be guilty of a mortal sin. And, lastly, I repaid the niggard hospitality of our third host with such a bounteous boon, to teach him for the future to be more generous. Henceforth, therefore, put a seal upon thy presumptuous lips, and condemn not the All-wise in thy mole-eyed folly." The hermit, hearing this, fell at the angel's feet, and pleaded earnestly for pardon. He received it, and returned to his hermitage, where he lived for many years, a pattern of humility and faith, and at length, sweetly fell asleep in Christ.

The next of our eclogæ has been moulded by the plastic hand of genius into many forms.—Perhaps the best known of these is the ballad of Beth-Gelert, in which Mr. Spencer has told the legend, as localized in Wales, in a very touching manner.

FORBEAR.

The knight Folliculus was exceeeingly fond of his infant son, and also of his falcon and his hound. It happened one day that he went out to a tournament, to which, without his knowledge, his wife and servants too went afterward, leaving the babe in his cot, the greyhound lying in the rushes underneath it, and the falcon on his perch above. A serpent that lived in a hole near the castle of Folliculus, thinking from the unusual silence that it must be deserted, crept out of its retreat and entered the hold, hoping to find some food. Seeing the child, it would have devoured him, had not the falcon fluttered its wings until it awoke the dog, which, after a desperate conflict, killed the wily intruder, and then, almost fainting through loss of blood, lay down at the foot of the cradle, that in the *melee* had been overthrown. The knight, on his return home, seeing the jaws of his greyhound red with gore, and not being able at first, to find his child, tho't that his dog had destroyed him; and, frantic with fury, plunged his sword into its faithful heart. Then, hearing a cry, he lifted up the cradle-coverlet, and saw his rosy boy just waking from a happy dream, whilst the huge coils of the dead serpent showed the peril he had so narrowly escaped, and the injustice that his father had so hastily committed. The knight, detesting himself for his cruel deed, abandoned the profession of arms, broke his lance into three pieces, and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where, after a few years, he died in peace.

A MESSENGER OF MERCY.

The Emperor Menelay made a decree, that if any guiltless captive could escape from his bonds and reach the imperial palace, he should be protected from his oppressors. Soon after the promulgation of the law, a knight was wrongfully accused, and cast into a dark dungeon. The light of his eyes was dimmed when he was thus cut off from the company of his brethren; but one mild summer morn, a nightingale came in through the little window of his cell, and sang so sweetly that he almost forgot he was deprived of liberty. As the knight treated his minstrel very tenderly, she flew into his bosom daily to cheer him with her song. One day he said to her, "My darling bird, I have given thee many a dainty, wilt thou not show me a kindness in return? Like to myself, a creature of the mighty God, oh, help me in my need!" When the bird heard this, she flew forth from his bosom, and after having remained away from him for three days returned, bringing in her mouth a precious stone. Having dropped it in his hand, she again took flight. The knight wondered at the strange conduct of his songster, but happening to touch his fetters with the stone that she had given him, they instantly fell off. He then arose, and touched the doors of the prison: they opened.—He rushed forth into the fresh free air, and ran rapidly toward the emperor's palace. Here he was joyfully received, and his innocence being satisfactorily established, his persecutor was sentenced to perpetual banishment.

FROM MR. WEISS'S THANKSGIVING SERMON.

This, too, is the reason of our signal success in colonizing the shores of the Pacific, and transplanting there the elements of order and progressive liberty, untrammelled by compromise and concession to despotic views. The people are freemen and will that men should be free; wherever they go, they carry the spirit of their northern home, where no oligarchy exists to set them the example of relieving their own freedom with the contrast of human bondage. Before Rome became entirely free, her patrician oligarchy established slavery in the towns which she colonized, and when an oligarchy represented the State in Athens, all her boasted culture and her democratic fervors could not prevent them from transplanting oppression into every conquered province, and stocking her new towns with slaves. But when the people constitute the State, the government spontaneously assumes the nature of a single freeman, obedient to nothing but the law, jealous of the narrow interests of classes, throwing off the hand of the oppressor, and proclaiming his own cherished private liberty to new lands. We have seen a vexed question settled for a distant territory by the tranquil votes of the people gathered in convention; and if party interests can manage to keep themselves aloof from the scheming of a small fraction of an expiring oligarchy, new soil is won in perpetuity for freedom, and a welcome preponderance is gained for the policy of justice and mercy. We are grateful, for it is a victory attained with the quietness of an organic growth of nature; it is an important advantage gained, which would have cost blood and tears under the institutions of Europe. Smaller privileges than that, have, within a year, desolated many a home, and have been swelled into extravagant luxuries by the expense of outrages, perils and misery. It is a victory achieved entirely in the spirit of our expansive and self-adjusting policy. We are grateful that the hopes of liberty are in the ascendant, and that righteous views combine with interest to make that colony, which is virtually of New England, the decided ally of one of her most prominent principles. Those whose faces we have looked upon as the faces of friends and relatives, are there, or are hopefully sounding out their trackless way thither. We remember them to-day as they are remembering us; we draw near to them in spirit to reinforce them with our earnest hopes in behalf of the new land whose streams no slave shall filter for his effeminate task-master, whose future cities no auction mart for human flesh shall ever desecrate. We remember these enterprising kindred with thanksgiving; next to our tender solicitudes, the noblest part of their ventures is that enlightened freedom which reigns paramount in their bosoms, and which will keep the new home loyal to the best principles of the old. If every ship returns to us worn and empty; if every man comes back impoverished and weary; if the hope of fortune is destined to become a gilded bubble to thousands who will not believe the lessons of history, but must have experience themselves,—yet to have established, by a single vote, *freedom* upon those deceptive sands, and to have consolidated the peaceful conquest by their presence, is a sufficient object for the voyage and all the peril, and a sufficient return for the outfits of industry and hope.

But let us not simply felicitate ourselves upon the superiority of our political and social conditions, or dwell over one or two lucky advantages which have resulted from it. We are founding a true and natural republic here, not merely for our own convenience, or for the well-being of our children. We are extending the limits of freedom over hitherto unoccupied territory, not merely to restore the balance of power between the sections of this country, and to acquire for ourselves that just preponderance which belongs to wealth, enterprise, intellect and enlightenment; not indeed merely to make three millions of bondmen partakers of our liberal institutions. When we shall have done all this, we need not fold our hands and say that we are unprofitable servants who have performed their duty. Is it not easy to see that God is making this continent the cradle of a spirit that shall at no distant period arise and strangle the despotism which blights the war-worn fields of Europe? Does any one imagine that our policy can forever remain neutral, and that, whatever may be the party in power, we can always hold back from interference in the great outrages and distresses incurred in behalf of the very idea which is blessing and enlarging us! He reads history to little advantage who supposes so. There never was a progressive republic which was not also an aggressive one; hitherto by force—in the future by ideas. There never was a republic which did not instinctively yearn to diffuse its liberal institutions. Despotism is its natural and inevitable antagonist. We might as well try to prevent interference in the doomed institutions of the South, as to hold back the mighty opinion of this country from *active* sympathy with the political serfs and thralls of Europe. The time will soon come, and the crumbling shores of the Old World will feel the return of a mighty wave. Again and again will the irresistible spirit of a continent sweep over its shores, and undermine its fated thrones with a swift, clear current. The time will come, when God will show how revolutions can be effected by the moral presence, in the world, of a great republic, which shall stand, like the angel in John's vision, with one foot on the sea and one foot on the land and proclaim to the principalities of time that they shall be no more. Does not the blood of our brothers cry unto us from those plains which despotism keeps constantly athirst for the unnatural nutriment? Shall we sit still, in our fair home, and permit the knout of Russia to become the ascendant sign in the Old World's heaven? Can a whole continent, instinct with one generous disenthralling spirit, speak no word even, utter no national protest, while delicate women, emblems of God's affection, are scourged in market-places by hireling soldiers; shall we continue to vouchsafe no impressive sign of indignation to such deeds that insult the world? May our own wives be scourged if we do! Would it not be the very abyss of selfishness, if we could celebrate our thanksgivings year after year, in our remote and sacred country, passive, neutral, content, while the reports reached us that our own cause was crushed, again and again, with terrible contumely, crushed stunningly to earth, drenched with blood, blasted with the sight of horrors! If we ever do become so unmanned and unsouled as to indulge a selfishness so akin to despotism, then may God take away from us our glorious patrimony, and transfer both the idea and the destiny to men who can remember to prolong the self-sacrifice in which a nation has its birth. Teach your children what shall be the task of the future: teach them not to shrink from their responsibility. Educate them to turn upon tyranny the indignant look—to hurl upon tyranny the moral protest, mightier far than the weapons which have just now so miserably failed in securing freedom to Hungary and Italy. Tell them it will be their duty *to be present* in the counsels of the oppressed in Europe—to be present with unflinching countenance and generous hand—to support the most sacred of causes with all righteous means—to make a league with constitutional liberty everywhere, and refuse supplies and countenance to despotism, till it becomes bankrupt and extinct. Whether we will or not, it is God's intention, as revealed in the inevitable facts of all past history, that the idea of a free nation shall expand and conquer, till it unbinds all heavy burdens, and proclaims the acceptable year of the Lord. The West shall repay its great debt of thought and vital impulse to the East. As I sit peacefully to-day, in sight of my children, and share with them the bounties of the air and field, while I perceive that the spirit of a free people is protecting me in my calm enjoyments, shall I feel no pang at the thought of the orphans of Europe's republicans? Can I close my ears so that the scourging of the women, and the sharp volley that tears away the life of the husband, shall not embitter my content? Shall I refuse to whisper a freeman's prayer, saying, how long, O Lord, how long? If I can, may I be made that for which such a temper would fit me—a slave. Much will be required of us. God protect the right—God speed the time.

[N. B. Mercury.

MINISTRY TO THE PEOPLE IN ENGLAND.

The London Inquirer for November 17, gives an account of an interesting Conference of Domestic Missionaries at Leeds, the first of November, where the principal topics discussed related to the best methods of elevating the laboring classes, by preaching, visiting, evening schools and Sunday schools. It is curious to see how almost precisely the same subjects come up at similar meetings in England and in this country. There are substantially the same difficulties and the same methods for meeting and overcoming them. In regard to visits, Mr. Hicksteed thought that every rational religionist must be smitten with horror at the *cant* too often uttered; and he could sympathize with the desire to go to the homes of the poor with a cheerful, candid mind. At the same time, there was no topic so solemn; and the lightest moment might be transformed into a serious one by a well-timed allusion to religious truth. If you be in the habit of treating people sincerely on all other subjects, then when you allude to religion they will believe in you.

Mr. Ryland remarked that there might be too much done in "going about" doing good. To do real good to society might require a man to be as much *out of* as *in* society. The work to be done required preparation, solemnity, and depth of mind.

Mr. Owen attributed the great change that had taken place in the established church of late years, to the activity of the clergy, especially in visiting their flocks. Looking back thirty years ago, they were then a merely literary class, who confined their visits when called for to the sick and dying; but they did not live amongst their parishioners. Now they lived and visited amongst them, and many of their churches were crowded. The great object should be to find out the wants of the poor, and to become acquainted with those wants they must be visited at their homes.

Under the head of Topics for Preaching was the following discussion:

Mr. Bowring wished to have the experience of those present as to the best topics upon which to address the people from the pulpit. His own method was, never to address the working-class as working-men, but as fellow-men and brethren. His object was to exalt the Scripture as a rule of faith and practice. He made the Bible his text book. He was a strict Unitarian, yet he regarded Christ, and so taught, as "God manifest in the flesh." His aim was to exalt his dignity and character, and to bring his hearers to reverence him as their lord and Saviour. He tried to carry out these views. He also preached to the people upon their various duties,—domestic and social. He occasionally preached doctrinal sermons, but never sermons on politics, believing that it did them no good and might do them injury.

Mr. Mill said he gave his hearers the best he had to give them, and not what he would. He followed Mr. Bowring's course somewhat. As to controversy and politics, he felt free to act from present feeling. In the Sunday school he made remarks on economy and social duties. In his religious lecture he took the character of Christ as the great fact in the religious history of the world. He did not enter into the critical history of the Bible. He wanted a Christianity for the day. The past was dead to him, and he wished to look upward and forward. The *Redeemer* had come—we now want the *Redemption*.

Mr. Corkran remarked that each person could only give just as much as he had in him. The preacher who would quicken the people, must be himself alive. He believed, though in somewhat modified phraseology, in what John Wesley called "conviction of sin;" that before a man could take the first step in a divine life, he must feel first how low and poor his own life was. This was to be done by bringing him to see the divineness of life in Christ. He did not see how Mr. Mill could treat the past as dead and gone, and yet hold to the life and character of Christ, as the great fact in the religious history of the world. That fact was of the past, though it lived in the present. The present was the fruit of the past, and must be studied in connection with it.

Mr. Bishop said his aim in preaching was to awaken the people to a consciousness of their spiritual wants,—"that man cannot live by bread only;" to make them feel the wrong done to their nature by sin;—and how to satisfy those wants by directing them to the life and spirit of Christ. He spoke to them with confidence, that the moment they began to follow Christ their sins were forgiven. The people needed some ground of hope to which they could cling for security. He never referred publicly to controversial points, though he did refer to them when asked; and then he always spoke the truth plainly; but then he showed that his object was not to make people *Unitarians*, but to make them *holy*.

Mr. Layhe said they must build on what is.—The convictions and sentiments of their hearers must be taken into account, and they must be led gradually to a conviction of the truth of Christianity, its adaptation to their wants, and its tendency to promote their happiness in the present life, and the life to come. He found an example of this in Christ and his apostles. They appealed to the Scripture, and advancing from this point, though building upon it, sought to lead their hearers to a more spiritual religion. The apostles made no scruple to appeal to Heathen poets, when addressing the Gentiles; and, making little reference to the Jewish Scriptures, spoke to the natural sentiments of human minds. He would insist: also on the morality of Christianity, especially the passive virtues, humility, meekness, patience, and self-denial. And all should be connected with our own practical exemplification of Christianity.

Mr. Dare, said that after all that had been uttered about the depravity of the people, there was in them a deeply religious sentiment, which, though it lay for years quiescent, might be, and often was, awakened by some circumstances or another. His own addresses were of a practical kind. He endeavored to show his hearers that their fate was very much in their own hands, and that not by the acts of government, but by their own rather, was their condition to be bettered. His congregation was exceedingly orderly, and they derived great pleasure and comfort from the services on the Sabbath day and evening.

Mr. Montgomery contended that there ought to be doctrinal preaching, which might be made at the same time spiritual and practical.

Mr. Owen, in the course of some general remarks, said that the best kind of preaching was to urge Christian duties based on Christian principles, and from Christian motives.

The Chairman said they should bear in mind, in addressing the poor, what were their peculiar temptations, and what they most needed in coming for instruction. They needed the positive teaching of

we must not neglect the claims of the higher, better life, which it is our duty and privilege to cultivate. "Life is real—life is earnest," the author of *Evangeline* reminds us, and his grave monition follows,—

"Trust no Future, however pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

Earnestness of purpose is the *sine qua non* to a man's well-being. We must rise above our worser selves; we must relieve the dull passages of a monotonous career, by opening ever and anon that book of poetry which is within reach of every man,—for who is unconscious of nature without, and imagination (however undeveloped) and feeling (however blunt) within! "The grossness of our nature has power to weigh us down," but we must resist the tendency, and adopt the motto *Excelsior*! We are behind-hand, indeed, and must needs press diligently on, in self-culture and self-development, if we cannot sympathize with Wordsworth's lines—

"Wings have we, and as far as we can go,
We may find pleasure; wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean, and mere sky, support that mood,
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low."

There are whole tomes of divinity as well as poetic suggestion in that last line—the key-note, in fact, of Wordsworth's theory and practice.—It consecrates with a celestial presence the otherwise dead masses of common life—calling upon those who feel themselves "confined in the imprisonment of the actual," to realize the significance, the symbolism, the rich meaning which underlies the surface of things, and bidding them find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." The falconer is to allow his bird a swooping flight in the clear heavens—to give it wing, to let it soar aspiringly, gladly, in the blue empyrean. What consolation, what solace is there for the vast majority of our kind, if they neglect to adorn and beautify the inner man, and to render to the vast capacious soul that tabernacles within them, that homage, and fealty, and attentive service, which is due to *such* a guest!

But there is "another clause" in our "text." Haven given wing to the falcon, we must retain power to call her back when we will. She is volatile and can fly far aloft; but she is a biped withal, and her feet are for this tangible, matter-of-fact-earth. "Reason thus with life." Give it wing; let it poetize; let it revel in the sunshine; let its eagle glances scrutinize the mysteries of starry night, and con the splendors of the land that is very far off. But be able to call it home—so that home may be to it pleasant and endeared, not weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Let it not become your master, and refuse obedience to your behests—but be able to check it when oversentimental, and to harmonize its ethereal refinement with the common places of earth. It defeats the purposes of its flight when it forgets its ties to things below; its flight should ennoble, not annihilate the uses of ordinary existence: should invigorate and brace for new enterprise, not disgust and deter. That which is only ornamental and decorative in our individual culture is to be restricted to its own proper sphere.—The younger Schlegel observes, "We hear, no doubt, in horticulture, of inverted trees, whose heads being placed in the ground, strike root and grow while the natural root freely develops itself into branches and leaves. The experiment so successful in plants cannot be imitated in mental matters without fearful peril. Here the blossoming crown, if inverted, will not take root nor ever bear real and genuine fruit." And again, in his *Æsthetics*, he says very justly, "the man who luxuriates only in soft strains of music, will find his power of perception at last melt away into shadowy indistinctness; the mind that dwells only on marble will, in time, find its softer properties harden into stone; whoever makes poetry the sole *object of life*, loses vigour, boldness, and decision, till to him existence itself becomes a dream." The Castle of Indolence has its charms, but woe to the tempted ones who, for the sake of the allurements of that "pleasing land of drowsy-head," make shipwreck of a good conscience, who forfeit the privilege of their being and the dignity of their vocation in order to indulge

"Good-natured, lounging, sauntering up and down,"

in that shadowy region where fancy holds high holiday revels, and decrees that dreams shall wave before the half-shut eye, and visions of gay castles in the clouds—

"But whate'er smacks of noyance or unrest,
Is far, far off expelled from this delicious nest."

"Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long continued walk is better than a short flight."

The old adage says "take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."—On which principle Jean Paul exhorts men who are inquiring, "what good can I do? where can I be of use? give me scope for my powers,"—to begin doing good with the first thing that comes to hand, however trifling—to be of use to the first person they meet, whoever he be—to exercise their powers upon the familiar platform of ordinary requirements and duties. *Whatsoever* thy hand findeth to do, do it, with thy might.—The man who boasted at home of the prodigious leaps he had performed at Rhodes, was silenced by a request to suppose himself at Rhodes and repeat the stirring exhibition. In allusion to this, Dr. Hare remarks, "*hic Rhodus, hic salta:* do not wait for a change of outward circumstances, but take your circumstances as they are and make the best of them." This saying, which was meant to shame a braggart, will admit of a very different and profounder application. Goeth has changed the postulate of Archimedes, *Give me a standing place and I will move the world*, into the precept, *Make good thy standing place and move the world*. This is what he did throughout his life. So, too, was it that Luther moved the world: not by waiting for a favourable opportunity, but by doing his daily work, by doing God's will day by day without thinking of looking beyond. We ought not to linger in inaction till Blucher comes up, but, the moment we catch sight of him in the distance, to rise and charge. Hercules must go to Atlas, and take his load off his shoulders perforce. This is the meaning of the maxim in Wilhelm Meister,—*Here, or nowhere, is America.* When a man waits for some extraordinary opening before he puts forth his strength, he gives occasion for suspecting that his enthusiasm is spurious; that he is not really burning to do good, but to be seen of men, to gather their golden opinions, to create for himself a niche in the temple of Fame, and to make his own beneficent activity a means of cherishing his own selfishness. Some preachers cannot *get on* unless they have a thronging, overflowing congregation, all eyes and ears, "waiting for the moving of the waters;" some actors cannot make a hit, cannot throw themselves into their subject, cannot identify themselves with the passion and pathos of their *role*, unless the theatre present a sea of heads, whose restless billows surge with excited expectancy, and murmur with the din of interest. But 'tis a bad sign when a man cannot set himself to active usefulness without similar extraneous aids. If he is in earnest, why not habituate himself to his new enterprise in little things? He has a home, however humble. Let him begin there. He can exercise self-denial in a thousand petty modes; his demeanour to wife, children, and friends will give ample proof of his sincerity. If he that conquers his temper is greater than he that taketh a city—if an irascible craftsman, struggling against, mortifying, aye, and *subduing* his choler, is a greater hero than the victor at Badajoz and Waterloo—surely a noble province for moral triumphs is here laid open to the ambitious debutant; surely wide scope is at once provided for the outlay of his energies and the persevering exercise of his powers.

To one so minded every hour will have its duty, and may end in "showers of blessings."—By constant habits of manly action, to which no vocation comes amiss, he is prepared for still greater struggles and achievements when their time shall dawn. He trafficks with watchful eye on the pence, and makes sure of *them*; the pounds are implied in the pence. He fulfils his destiny by careful regard to the minutes, knowing that threescore make an hour. He does not wait for the skies to fall that he may catch larks. He does not tarry till Utopia be discovered, ere he forms his plans of action. He does not pine in tragic suspense till some gifted spirit—perhaps his own—by a miraculous flash of genius or inspiration, bring to light the philosopher's stone; *his* alchemy is to turn the indifferent into good and the good into better, and the better into best; to cultivate the good seed that brings forth thirty-fold till the harvest be sixty-fold, and eke a hundred-fold. He holds, with Ritcher, that "a long-continued walk is better than a short flight." Wings are very eligible in theory; but they will not act when the time for flying comes: this being the case, he argues, 'tis of no use repining that I am not a bird or an angel—neither a Raphael nor a Condor—though I am *minus* wings, I can walk, and my wisdom is to make the best use of my legs. And a brave resolve too. There may be a perpetual theory of a perpetual motion; but the two are not identical, nor can the former get within sight of the latter, though ever hailing it through the mist. *Practical* philosophy, such as Bacon taught and suggested, is better than the perpetual theory system of barren speculation; it may look less sublime than the Platonic and scholastic, but it walks, it "makes ground" fast while the other sits striving, and fretting and toiling, (all in vain!) to make a pair of wings.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, December 22, 1849.

THE PHYSICIAN.

The exquisite poem we shall copy into our columns from the new Boston Book, on the Doctor's "Morning Visit,"—written by an expert, reminds us of a long cherished intention of saying a grateful word to our good physicians. Who deserve it, if not they? For Boston, for Massachusetts, for New England, we can conscientiously affirm, that if there is any class or profession of which they have just occasion to be proud, they may find that occasion in their practitioners of the art and mystery of healing. If anything is to be made of "Apostolic Succession," let the honored successors of Luke the Evangelist come in for their share of transmitted virtue.

Can any body read this poem, and mark its wonderful mixture of pathos and fun, jollity and solemnity, mirthful fancy and sober exhortation without some new and more reverential conception of the nature and the responsibility of the physician's calling? There is wisdom enough and Gospel charity enough in it, to season a whole Medical Society, or a Library of Medical Science. It reminds us of some excellent views, in the same considerate, gentle and elevated spirit, presented to the public a few years ago, we think in an introductory treatise to a volume of Lectures, by Dr. John Ware, of this city. The serious moralist of the profession and its laughing philosopher are of the same temper, and inculcate the same holy lesson, considerateness, truthfulness, sympathy, conscientiousness, mercy. One reads us the lesson in a gush of frolicsome merriment; the other in a grave exhortation; one in elfish poetry, the other in classic prose. One chants the kindly doctrine in sportive measures; the other instills it in an eloquent prelection. But with both the doctrine is the same; and both, without a question, speak the true feeling and conviction of the great majority of their brotherhood.

We heard an intelligent and candid physician, not long since, in reply to the question whether he regarded medical, and especially surgical practice, as benumbing the moral faculties, or begetting indifference to the sacredness of life, observe that it undoubtedly occasioned a familiarity with the presence of death and the dead, that tended to remove superstitious fears; but that all his experience and observation induced him confidently to believe that it had no effect in diminishing the reverence for every thing holy in duty, precious in the ties of existence, or awful in the spiritual world. Doubtless he was right. Judging by such examples as we have known, the frequent impression that the doctor's study of material laws, and functions, and changes, creates skepticism, is also without foundation. The wiser opinion is getting to be, all over Christendom, that all the legitimate investigations of natural science aid rather than deny both the truths of revelation and the life of piety. Certainly many of our churches have no nobler exemplifications of Christian righteousness, and no more efficient or consistent supporters, than members of this profession. Their devotion sanctifies their integrity, and their justice is adorned with a daily benevolence in multiplied, unrecorded, gratuitous services to the poor. We have in mind at this moment a physician whose present distinguished success is founded directly upon, and might be easily traced straight back to his generous, uncalculating attentions, in the outset of his career, to the miserably destitute. He would rather have the confidence of his patients than their money, and thus has both. The instance by no means stands alone. We would not present the success as a motive for the charity; but we would acknowledge and admire the goodness of the deserving. We would say with Sirach of old, "Honor a physician with the honor due unto him, for the uses which you may have of him; for the Lord hath created him. For of the Most High cometh healing."

A word for ministers. They will do well to esteem the physician as a fellow-worker and fellow-helper. If higher reasons do not move them, they will at least remember this,—that while most other clerical perquisites, and peculiar social and pecuniary advantages, and exemptions are disappearing, the physician's gratuitous service, and delicate but steadfast refusal to show his bill, stands almost the only monument of the old official distinction of the clergy as a privileged order. We suspect there are various ways, that might readily be specified, in which the minister returns this favor by occasioning in his parish, numerous very thoughtless and very annoying injuries to the physician's professional standing, private peace, and honest pride,—in the shape of caprice, suspicion, ignorant criticism, and ill-natured censure. There are several things respecting disease that nobody can be supposed to know quite so well as those that have made the study of it the business of their lives. We are disposed to pity the doctors. They can hardly be expected to keep everybody alive; and they hardly ought to be accused of hastening the death of everybody that dies. A recent article in the Medical Journal argues that the pulpit leans to quacks. It is so easy to crown a quack medicine with the renown of a wonderful cure, that it certainly becomes all educated men to deliberate before they flippantly recommend the new and condemn the old, or puff the empiric to the disparagement of science. Fuller has written, "Well did the poets feign Æsculapius and Circe brother and sister, and both children of the sun; for in all times witches, old women and impostors have had a competition with physicians."

Something is due from the educated professions to one another. If the bonds of mutual fellowship, good-understanding and confidence between them were strengthened, it would result in an enlarged spirit and increased power in each and all of them.

While we entreat those of our brethren blessed, as we are, with the invaluable blessing of a good and "beloved physician," to consider, respect, encourage and help him, we cannot conclude our plea without exercising our own vocation a little, and reminding the physician himself, how it is laid on him also by the Providence of God to be a minister for Christ. He can sometimes gain an access to the heart of the sick and the dying which is denied to the preacher. And always he may be a Christian counsellor, a sympathizing friend, an ambassador for God. Let him carry to the sick room a tender conscience as well as a tender hand, love of truth, an honest tongue, compassion for suffering, and the fear of God.

NEWTON SUNDAY TRAIN. We have received several communications on this subject; but we do not think it advisable to publish them. We have expressed our own decided objection to what we cannot but regard as an evil precedent; and we have published a letter of explanation on the other side. One correspondent very pleasantly proposes that as the train is run only for church-goers, the passengers be obliged to exhibit from their city pastors certificates that they do really attend church, so that the Sunday cars may not be used for bad ends. If the cars must go on Sunday, we have no doubt that the most unobjectionable course has been adopted.—But we more than doubt the wisdom of the step which may prepare the way for consequences which we should all lament.

NEHEMIAH.

The two or three chapters of names, which occur in the short book of Nehemiah, probably prevent its being read as frequently as other parts of the Old Testament. But it is a narrative of great interest and power. We know not where to look for a more strongly marked individuality, or for a more conspicuous manifestation of all that constitutes a true man, than in this quaint specimen of autobiography. Nehemiah seems to have been one of the men, who rule by divine right—whose very presence sways other wills and almost moulds inanimate nature into its own forms. He lays his plan, takes his position, and fortifies himself in it with the panoply of a clear conscience and a calmly resolute will; and, forthwith, the heterogenous materials around, which seemed to have no law of proportion or union, arrange themselves with crystalline regularity and harmony, showing that one man of determined purpose is of more avail than hundreds of the wavering and irresolute. In telling his story, he manifests that unconsciousness of the secret of his strength, which is said to be a mark of the highest greatness. He seems as much surprised at the results of his labors, as Aaron feigned to be when he said, "I cast the ear-rings into the fire, and there came out this calf." He evidently cannot tell how or why it was that he had accomplished so much. The formula is, "I said or did this or that, and these or those events ensued,"—"I withstood those men or that practice, and somehow the annoyance was at once checked or the nuisance abated." Yet all this, not without devout mention of "the hand of his God upon him," for he seems to have borne about an awful sense of his communion from on high, and an appeal to the Supreme Arbiter, like the burden of a song, marks every scene of his dramatic story.

Nehemiah, having gained great favor with king Artaxerxes as his cupbearer, yet, amidst the luxury of a heathen court mourning for the desolation and praying for the peace of the holy city, obtains leave to rebuild the gates and walls of Jerusalem. Before opening his mission to the depressed remnant of his people, he surveys the work in the secresy of three successive nights, and then so apportions it among the principal men that each shall conduct the repairs "over against his own house," and the home-feeling thus brought to reinforce languid patriotism, the walls rise like those of Thebes at the sound of Amphion's lyre, so that while his bitter enemies, the Samaritan magistrates, are making arrangements to prevent the commencement of his enterprise, they learn to their dismay that it is just on the eve of completion. He now finds internal grievances and abuses, that present a more stubborn resistance than had arrayed itself against his exterior improvements. The few rich have oppressed the many poor, have exacted usury of them contrary to the Mosaic law, and have got possession of their property by modes that will not bear scrutiny. Nehemiah encounters this abuse with a determined front, and calls the first *indignation meeting* on record,—he "sets a great assembly against them;" and the majesty of public opinion constrains the extortioners to restore what they had wrongfully gotten. Meanwhile he is threatened with assassination by the Samaritans, as an expedient to weaken his authority by inducing him to shut himself up in the temple; but he says, "should such a man as I flee? And who is there that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." He proceeds to reorganize the temple worship and the whole religious order of the nation; and opposition seems palsied by the quiet energy of his movements, while all the available forces of the community lend themselves to accomplish his ends if they had not the alternative of doing otherwise. His piety is shocked by the desecration of the Sabbath. The produce of the land is brought into the city on the holy day; and there are also "men of Tyre, who bring fish and all manner of ware, and sell it on the Sabbath." He makes no vehement remonstrance, but quietly shuts the gates on the afternoon of the sixth day and keeps them shut till the morning of the first; and when the venders had lodged outside of the walls for one or two Sabbaths, a gentle hint from him that they had better not do so again, rids the city of their further presence.—His next grievance is the idolatrous marringes, which many of the priests, as well as of the common people, had contracted, thereby endangering the purity of the national faith and worship. Such priests he deposes at once, though among them was the son-in-law of his most determined Samaritan antagonist. These and other reforms he effects with amazing celerity, and by his open, direct, decisive measures enlists in their behalf the great mass of the people; so that the entire history of government rarely presents an instance of so much accomplished through the plastic energy of one man, acting not on passive, but on the most discordant and stubborn elements.

WAS MILTON A UNITARIAN?

Asks the Congregationalist. Was he a Trinitarian? we ask; and we reply with the most decied emphasis that he was not. With his articles of faith, as explained in his latest work, he would not be admitted into any distinctly Trinitarian church in New England. But was he a Unitarian? This depends on what it takes to make a Unitarian. Those who believe in the simple unity of God with no three-fold distinction of persons in his nature, we consider Unitarians. They who believe in the Father as alone Supreme, and in the Son and Holy Spirit as distinct from and inferior to Him, must be considered Unitarians.

What then is Milton's view of Christ's nature? We reply in the words of a Trinitarian, Rev. Charles R. Sumner, who translated his Treatise on Christian Doctrine. "Milton," he says, "asserts, that the Son existed in the beginning, and was the first of the whole creation, by whose delegated power all things were made in heaven and earth; begotten, not by natural necessity, but by the decree of the Father, within the limits of time; endued with the divine nature and substance, *but distinct from and inferior to* the Father." This language is decisive enough.

But what view did Milton entertain of the Holy Spirit? At the close of an elaborate chapter on this subject, he sums up the whole matter in these words; "Lest however we should be altogether ignorant who or what the Holy Spirit is, although Scripture nowhere teaches us in express terms, it may be collected from the pages quoted above, that the Holy Spirit, inasmuch as he is a minister of God, and therefore a creature, was created or produced of the substance of God, not by a natural necessity, but by the free will of the agent, probably, before the foundations of the world were laid, but *later than the Son and far inferior to Him.*"

This evidence of Milton's religious views is drawn from his work on Christian Doctrine, found in 1823 in the Old State Paper office at Whitehall. Alluding to this work, the Congregationalist says: "That as respects the single article of Christ's proper divinity, it is possible that at some period of his life he may have been an Arian—possible but not certain—the only evidence being that somebody wrote a treatise embodying such views, which treatise, some two hundred years after Milton's death, was discovered and published, and has been by some persons *attributed* to him. This is the conclusion of the whole matter. And on this slender basis it is claimed that Milton was a *Unitarian!*"

Now we entreat the editors of the Congregationalist, to look into the matter and say whether this is quite a fair statement of the facts in the case. Let them read the Preface to the translation of the Treatise on Christian Doctrine, a preface written by a learned Episcopal clergyman, who had the best possible means of knowing, and who himself had no doubt that the treatise was really written by John Milton *late in life;* let them read this preface and then say whether this mode of throwing the question aside is quite ingenuous. To our minds the evidence on this subject is unanswerable. The Rev. John Mitford, a Trinitarian, whose name certainly ought to have weight in any question of historical evidence, says in his life of Milton, "The authenticity of this work has never, I believe, been questioned, but by the learned and venerable Bishop of Salisbury, who has been anxious to establish the evidence of Milton's orthodoxy; and consequently has found it necessary to deny the genuineship of a work that has spread into the widest latitudinarian principles; but it has been maintained by Mr. Todd, according to my opinion, with sound and forcible arguments." Hallam, whose words carry with them the authority of a judicial decision on such subjects, in his literature of Europe, says, "Milton's treatise, not long since brought to light, goes on the Arian hypothesis," as if in his mind there was no doubt of the genuineness of the work. It will not do to cast aside the judgment of such men—a judgment formed against their doctrinal predilections because they could not resist the evidence in the case—it will not do to cast aside their judgment in this off-hand way; and we therefore beg the editors of the Congregationalist to review the grounds of their decision.

At the same time we think the controversy of very little consequence. Milton in this same treatise argues for the lawfulness of polygamy! We have no disposition to follow him except so far as he followed Christ. His authority on doctrinal subjects, unless confirmed by the Scriptures, is nothing to us.

DREAMS. We have just read a report of the first of a series of lectures to be delivered by Rev. Dr. Raffles in Great George street Chapel, Liverpool, on the dreams recorded in the Scriptures. This introductory performance is on dreams in general—their nature, kinds, and causes. Eloquent as the preacher is, we cannot discover that he throws much light on his shadowy subject.—Under the last head, that of the causes of dreams, it is rather remarkable that he wholly omits one that we have always supposed more active than all others—an indigestible supper.

MIRACLES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Horace's rule, "Let not a god intervene, unless there be a knot worth his untying," was not anticipated by the framers of the classic mythology. Their gods are perpetually introduced as interfering in paltry quarrels, performing menial offices and carrying silly messages. On the other hand, a considerable proportion of the miracles of the Old Testament are related to have been wrought on emergencies of peculiar stress, and under such circumstances of dignity and grandeur as we should expect to find connected with the supernatural workings of divine power. Such miracles commend themselves by internal marks alone to the belief of those, who do not altogether reject the supernatural element in religion. Thus we feel that we need no external evidence of the narrative of the burniug bush, of the publication of the decalogue, of the fire from heaven that lighted the sacrifice on Mount Carmel, of the celestial form that walked in the furnace with the children of the captivity. Did these accounts occur in any ancient records purporting to be historical, we, with our appetency for belief in miracle, should be prone to receive them as authentic, and to admit for their sake the authenticity of the books that contained them. But there are in the Hebrew scriptures, some miracles of a very different character, related to have been performed on seemingly trivial occasions, on occasions which seem to us altogether inadequate for a special interposition of the Deity, and lacking those environments of circumstance which can make them grand and imposing. What shall we do with these? For our selves, we receive them in general, though in some instances we doubt not that ignorance or rumor may have given supernatural coloring to events that occurred in the common course of nature. We receive them, because they form links in a chain of miraculous events most of which are intrinsically probable, and thus rest on the same testimony with those which we cannot help believing. There are some additional considerations in their favor, which we would offer with all due brevity. We should expect *a priori* that, in a series of miracles in an age of the world so remote and unfamiliar, there would be some which we could not reconcile at once with our notions of fitness.

In the first place, we frequently can get but an imperfect view of the circumstances, under which a miracle is said to have been wrought. We know not the extent of the need, the preparedness of the minds interested in the event, the associations which might have made occasions, which seem trivial now, momentous then. All that was needed was a manifestation of the divine power illustrious and awe-worthy in the apprehension of those immediately concerned; and we cannot affirm of any one of the miracles in question that it failed to fulfil this condition.

Then again, it must be borne in mind, that the field covered by the superstitions of surrounding nations, however insignificant or vile in itself considered, was necessarily the most appropriate field for miracles which were to sustain the Hebrews in their allegiance to Jehovah. Many of the otherwise trivial miracles of the Old Testament purport on the face of the record, to belong to this class. Recent researches, particularly in Egyptian antiquities, have added many to the number; and many more perhaps belong to it, with regard to which the evidence is irrecoverably lost.

It must also be remembered that the divine dispensation must needs have been commensurate with the mental standard of their own times respectively. In the simple, rude and ignorant infancy of society, men's minds might often have been more easily reached, and their faith and reverence better conciliated by miracles of seemingly little intrinsic magnitude, than by those of greater external grandeur. Such miracles were wrought for those times and not for ours. They are credible, if they were adequate to the needs of those for whom they were wrought, and effected the purpose for which they were designed. Enough for us, that the miracles connected with the religion given for all times and nations bear on their face and their record every permanent mark of adequateness and grandeur, which should command reverence, and constrain belief.

'LEAVES FOR A CHRISTMAS BOUGH.'

It occasionally happens that among the multitude of books requiring editorial notice we receive one that we wish, for some cause, to greet with special honor. Such is the case with the volume designed for the young, the remarkably felicitous title of which we have given above, and just issued, for the coming Holidays, by Crosby & Nichols. The whole conception is original. No children ever went into transports over a genuine Christmas Tree laden with all its fruitage of gifts, with more intense and self-forgetting enthusiasm, than will many youthful readers devour these fascinating pages. Most of the stories, we happen to know, point to real incidents; and not a few little folks will be amazed and delighted to find themselves, with their dogs, birds and playthings, *printed in a book.*—We would give something to see the concentrated light of all their sparkling eyes, and hear the blended music of all their rapturous laughs! But the local allusions will probably not diminish,—they will rather heighten, the interest of the stories and sketches with general readers, inasmuch as the concrete is always more engaging than the abstract. The whole style and manner of the work are graceful, entertaining, various, genial and pure. If so mixed a figure might be pardoned even in Fairy-land, we should say that while the "Leaves" are green with a vital and cordial spirit circulating through them, they are also gemmed with the crystals of the winter's magic.—The "Bough" springs from a trunk, all whose roots strike out from a single school-room. We shall give our juvenile readers a look at two of the "Leaves," which will be less beautiful for being torn from the stem, and we beg them to remember their names that they may know them when they see them again. They are "Unda" and "Who is my neighbor?"

DEATH OF REV. MR. PERKINS.—The brief telegraphic despatch from Cincinnati, on Tuesday, announced the death of Mr. Perkins, of that city, a gentleman well known and much valued in this city. He was the son of the late Samuel G. Perkins, Esq., of Brookline, and his early life was passed in this vicinity. Having entered into active business in Cincinnati, his philanthropic disposition led him to give constant attention to the poor of the city, and to every generous enterprise there,—and, of late years, he has frequently been the only resident minister to the Unitarian church. His spirited articles in the North American Review, and the Christian Examiner, have been widely read and republished.

Mr. Perkins leaves a widow and several children, with a large circle of attached friends. He had suffered for two or three years past from a disease of the heart, which some times gave rise to epileptic or falling fits, and it was probably under the influence of one of these attacks that he fell from the steamboat and was drowned. This is supposed from his character, and ordinary state of mind, a far more probable conjecture than that suggested in the telegraphic report, that he destroyed himself in a moment of insanity. [Daily Advertiser.

This account of the sudden death of Mr. Perkins, will come with a startling and most painful shock to many of our readers. In the community where was his home, no one could have been taken away whose death would have been more widely felt. He removed to Cincinnati in 1831, and from that time to this, was intimately associated with all efforts to promote the mental, moral, social and religious interests of that growing city. No one probably had so great an influence over the more intelligent class of young men. His manly independence of character, his contempt for every thing narrow and illiberal, his high-minded and disinterested aims, and an intellect which united great activity with great vigor, made him, in spite of an utter disregard of popular favor, an essentially popular and most influential man, and especially with those, so numerous in a new city, who were just entering on the duties and temptations of active life.

Mr. Perkins had remarkable gifts as a public speaker, and what is rare, he united with this a still more remarkable power over individuals. His benevolent labors were unceasing, and his warm philanthropic sympathies were unmixed with any desire of personal prominence or control. He had what is not very common, no love of power, and at the same time a readiness on all fitting occasions to assume responsibility. All men trusted his perfect integrity; while his frank, sincere, native magnanimity, wherever he was, without his being conscious of it or others thinking of it, shamed away all unworthy judgments and purposes. He was one of the men about whom there was no shadow of pretence. You knew that at the least he was all that he seemed to be, and that any new disclosures of character would be only a revelation of greater worth. This gave force to his public instructions. He was a profoundly religious man; and when he spoke of God, or Christ, or human duty, his hearers knew that not a word was uttered by rote, that there was not a word, impressive as it might be, which had not a far deeper significance to himself than to them. His views and his methods of action were, in some respects, peculiar, but his peculiarities resulted from the simplicity and independence of his mind and character.

The loss of such a man in the maturity of his powers, is one hardly to be measured. No other person could take his place. Others might in their way, perhaps, be as useful as he, but his character was so marked and decided, that he could never become confused and blended with others. Those who knew him, will always remember him as one standing by himself, and to be remembered with mingled affection and respect. We have not attempted to portray his character, but we cannot forbear, in making a record of his death, to write down some of the thoughts which crowd into our minds. We grieve for and with the society which has lost its pastor, and for the community deprived of so valuable a citizen. His death will be felt as a public loss. And not this alone. There are many who in private are filled with grief for the departure of one, to whom, under Providence, they owe their best treasures of mind and heart. May God comfort them; and may he comfort that still nearer and dearer circle which looked to him as the husband and father. In the hour of their distress, may they be strengthened by Him, who is the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN VIENNA.

The following sketch, taken from the unpublished manuscripts of a friend, will give our readers some idea of Christmas in a Catholic country:

"The midnight mass is the great act of the night in Vienna. It was nearly twelve at night, when I entered the cathedral of St. Stephen. This immense building, a beautiful specimen by the way of gothic architecture, was filled, every niche and aisle and chapel, with a crowd of worshippers. Every rank in life was represented there, from the nobles of the Imperial Court to the tattered beggars of the street. Thousands of lights were burning before a multitude of altars. Lighted chandeliers, of enormous size, hung above the transept and choir and aisles, but their rays were lost in the vast space above and around. The groined arches of the roof gleamed fitfully in the uncertain light, which seemed to rest with a sort of reverential awe upon the grim and dusty statues of the saints, in their niches upon the wall. The old paintings above the altars and the apostles around the fluted columns, though but half illumined, wore a strange look in this unnatural light. Before each altar and in every chapel, stood a priest, with the consecrated wafer and holy vessels. In the choir, near the high altar, where swings the ever-burning lamp, stood the Archbishop, dressed in his gorgeous robes. Around him were a crowd of Bishops and priests and youths. Each one of the latter held a burning taper. Enormous wax candles in silver candlesticks, were burning around every altar. Clouds of incense ascended from a multitude of censers, and spread themselves as if in benediction over the assembly. They rested for a moment upon the marble statues, circled around the columns, and then were lost in the darkness above. A full choir responded to the chanting of the high priest, while the solemn notes of the organ echoed along the aisles, from altar to vault. The place seemed to be filled with a mysterious and supernatural presence. The shadowy arches above, the crowds of uncovered worshippers beneath, the clouds of incense rising through a thousand burning tapers, and the solemn tones of the organ, mingling with the voices of the choir, all conspired to impress the spirit with a deep, but inexpressible feeling of reverence and awe. Just before midnight, the music ceased. The choir and the priests and the organ were still. All was silent. Slowly and heavily, the Cathedral clock sounded the hour of twelve. As the last stroke fell upon the ear, the aged Archbishop arose, and extending his arms over the assembly, proclaimed the anniversary of the Birth of Christ. Then there came a flourish of trumpets. The assembled crowd bowed and crossed themselves. A torrent of music, pouring forth from organ and orchestra and choir, welcomed the Advent of Christmas day, with a shout of joyous hallelujas.

"When the first burst of welcome was over, the Archbishop commenced the High Mass and the Catholic service for the day. The crowd remained until this was concluded and then separated to wish each other a merry Christmas, and to begin the festivities of the holidays. It is easier to imagine than describe the solemnity of such a scene."

For the Register.

CLERICAL THERAPEUTICS.

For a dissatisfied minister. Take two grains of advice, four of good sense, six ditto of kindness, one or two scruples of conscience; make a mixture, and let one of the older parishioners drop it into the ear of the (im) patient.

For a minister who does not visit. Administer to him a few invitations.

For a minister who seems indifferent to his parish. Treat with repeated doses of marked kindness and consideration;—if the case be long continued, add gentle remonstrance, administered *sub rosa.*

For a dull minister. Ear-oil of conscientious attention, to be taken by the parish.

For an indifferent parish. Administer pastoral visits all round.

For a sleepy parish. Let the pastor take frequent doses of hard study, preparatory to the administration of rousing sermons.

For a minister afflicted with monozelia, or hobby-riding. The homœopathic treatment is good; give moderate doses of sympathy, and trust the cure to the reactive power of conscience and good sense. If the symptoms however become alarming, a strong appeal, compounded of equal parts of love and justice, may be resorted to.

[For the Register.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Nov. 22d, 1849.

One of the most peculiar and interesting features of Parisian life is the system of Reading-rooms, Salons de Lecture. These places literally swarm in the city. They are to be found in all the quarters—offering every various aspect of Parisian character in the guests—every various form of thought in the journals they supply. In the ten feet square apartments of the Porte St. Martin, the *blouses* devour the reports of the Assembly, and by the light of tin reflectors, watch over the safety of the Republic; in the still smaller Salons of the Faubourg St. Marcel, the light-fingered gentlemen of Paris investigate the movements of the Courts and the facilities of foreign travel, while dogged Englishmen doze over the Times and Chronicle in Galignani's handsome rooms, and natives of every shade of elegance and every political hue, throng the numberless brilliant or quiet little chambers which line the Boulevards and the handsomer streets of the city. I know no more instructive or amusing way in which a stranger can lounge away a few mornings in Paris, than in visiting these places. For five sous the room and its contents are yours, and provided you disturb no one, and refrain from revolutionary outcries, you may remain as long as you please, read what you please and write as much as you please. The same idle men of small means who pass their summer life in sipping *eau sucre* and playing dominoes on chairs in the garden of the Palais Royal, migrate when the cold weather comes to the Salons de Lecture, and there you see them day after day—the Royalists poring over the columns of L'Universe, the Bonapartist deep in the profundities of L'Ordre—or Le dix Decembre—the Moderate, looking wise over the Siecle or Le National—the advanced Republican grimly sympathizing with the brilliant declamations of de Girardin, or the sterner warnings of the fearless Lamennais. Occasionally you see a man bold enough to essay the Democratic Pacifique—but the "Et Sociale" has been so completely erased from the war-cry of the Republic, that those whose voices were loudest in swelling the pæan of emancipated labor, have been so harassed and expatriated that this does not often occur. It is, indeed, sad to see how entirely the present Government seem to have ignored the characteristic feature of the Revolution which called them into existence. The Republic, as Louis Napoleon understands it, is very different from the Republic proclaimed at the Hotel de Ville, in 1848. The old display of armed force—the old reliance on self-assertion—the old appeals to the fears and interests of a class—presage the recurrence of the old story of disquiet and revolution. The majority of the Assembly show the most undisguised disregard of the Republican institutions they profess to have adopted. In the session of yesterday a bill having been introduced for the relief of those wounded in the cause of order during the days of June, M. Cremieux, whose name is associated with the Provisional Government, demanded of the Minister, F. Barrot, what steps had been taken for the relief of the wounded of February. The Minister replied that the bill providing for them would be introduced in a few days. Upon this M. Segue d'Aguesseau, a deputy from the Pyrenees, who has signalized himself by his steady opposition to the Left on all possible occasions, and who is, perhaps, the most pertinaciously prominent of the younger reactionists, rose in his place and asked what provision would be made in the bill for the wounded of the municipal guard, "the only ones worthy, in his opinion, of exciting the national interest!" The municipal guard, it will be remembered, distinguished themselves by their blind fidelity to Louis Phillippe, and were the last of his janissaries who remained under arms and fired upon the people. To demand relief for these men, therefore, was to offer a direct insult to the Republic, and provoke the stormiest indignation of the extreme Left. Fortunately the Assembly is not open to the public. Had such a speech been uttered in the presence of the spectators who formerly thronged the galleries, it would have cost d'Aguesseau his life, and perhaps the Government its existence. As it is, the excitement of the leaders of the multitude cannot fail to communicate itself to them, and another impulse is given to the hurrying passions of the people. For the present, I think nothing is to be apprehended. The army of Paris, already 80,000 strong, and which receives daily reinforcements, is devoted to General Changarnier, who is in his turn equally devoted to the President—the influx of foreigners this winter has revived the industry of Paris and given a tone of comfort to the popular condition, the loss of which no one cares to hazard just now; the majority of the Assembly, however its members may differ in their ultimate views, stands firmly consolidated in support of the present Government as the guaranty of order, and the real crisis of peace or war has not yet arrived. But the feeling of disappointment and defeat is a bitter one to all the world and especially to all Frenchmen, and the Democratic party treasures all the imprudences and insults of the Conservatives against a day of vengeance yet to come. The President, too, embarrassed by a debt of three millions, contracted during the last year, and by the prospect of greater embarrassments for the rest of his term, must be taking steps to perpetuate his power, since the choice for him lies between imperial triumph and utter nothingness, and the Legitimists (if we may believe the Viscount D'Arlincourt, sixty editions of whose little foolish book "Dieu le Veut"—have been exhausted within eight months, and who has just issued a new work called Place au Droit,) are gaining in strength daily. All these materials of strife, prosperity will augment, for like Jeshurun the people of Paris kick most violently in the days of their plenitude, and the close of Louis Napoleon's term will doubtless add another trio to those memorable days of Paris. No man seems to trust his neighbors or himself, and it seems impossible that any order should long exist among a people so utterly without confidence in their rulers or themselves.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A COMPENDIUM OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY: by John C. L. Giesceler, Professor of Theology at Gottingen. From the 4th edition, revised and amended. Translated from the German by Samuel Davidson, LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Lancashire Independent College, England. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1849.

Two volumes of a new translation of a valuable work, translated in this country as long ago as the year 1836. The American translation was made (*professedly*, as the present translator says in his preface) from the third edition of the German work, and this from the fourth. The word italicised may be accounted for by the circumstance that the former translation was made from the second edition with the collation of the third, all additions and alterations which were thought of importance being adopted in the translation. This should have been stated, no doubt, on the title page, or in the preface, but the omission is less to be regretted as it seems to have led in part to the present very laborious and praiseworthy performance, an effort the more conscientious, as the translator is evidently not quite master either of German or English.

Witness

cluding the fruits of recent researches into Ecclesiastical history, and in particular of Neander's, to whom the author acknowledges his great obligations. It is thus a model of what it professes to be, a manual of Church history, a book for study and to guide study, embracing the whole field, omitting nothing and giving nothing superfluous When complete it will leave nothing to be desired of its kind, and must, we think, take precedence in the schools of all other manuals of Ecclesiastical History.

THE INCARNATION: by Rollin H. Neale, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Boston. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

As this treatise is concerned with a momentous subject, one that becomes more and more interesting to the religious world with every step taken in theological investigations, we have read it carefully quite to the close—hoping to find in it something that would clear up existing difficulties. If in this respect we are constrained to say we are disappointed, we can truly say that there is much in the book to which we cordially assent, as well as some statements of doctrine to which we could not subscribe. It makes a pretty little volume—doubtless it will prove edifying to many persons, and for its author we entertain a particular esteem, as an earnest and liberal preacher. The following is one of the best passages, and a really good one:—

"The Incarnation, in order to develope its blessedness and power, should be kept apart and aloof from the cumbrous theological technicalities that are engendered by religious controversy. Ministers are indeed set for the defence of the gospel, and it is certainly their duty, and that of the churches, to contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints. But the Apostle says, 'beware, lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.' Christians are never more exposed to this danger than when making the mysteries of Christianity topics of debate, and attempting to obviate all objections, and clear away all the difficulties with which, in our present imperfect state, the great truths of the gospel are confessedly encumbered.—Questions may be asked by the veriest tyro on divinity, which the soundest theologian cannot answer. Persons of no more knowledge, or talent, or grace, than the witch of Endor, may succeed in calling forth spirits, which, when once raised, no human wisdom or power can remand to the tomb. Even were it possible to remove every difficulty, to answer every objection, which might be started, and put your adversary to silence, he is not by this process brought into the faith of the gospel. Religion is not an opinion—not a judgment of the intellect—not the wisdom of this world—not the letter, but the spirit and life—Christ *in you* the hope of glory. To secure this blessed achievement in the hearts of men, the method adopted by inspired apostles was not to philosophize on the doctrine of Christ—not to anticipate objections and show their skill and ingenuity in answering them, but to *proclaim* the gospel in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. They *held forth* the Word of Life in all its clearness, and in all its obscurity, anxious not so much to convert men to their opinions as to make them new creatures in Christ Jesus."

ELEMENTS OF MORAL SCIENCE: by Francis Wayland, D. D., President of Brown University. Abridged and adapted to the use of Schools and Academies by the Author.—Twenty-sixth Thousand. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln; Crosby & Nichols.

One of the improvements in modern systems of secular education is the introduction of such studies as Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Political Economy. Dr. Wayland's character as an author, and the special merits of this work in particular, are too well established, to leave us occasion to say anything more than that this edition has received several emendations and additions from his own hand.

MRS. HOFLAND'S DOMESTIC TALES: being the Histories of the Officer's, Merchant's, and Clergyman's Widows, and their Young Families. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis.

A handsome edition, with clear type, wide margin, and pleasant engravings. It is unnecessary to commend the pure style, the natural pathos, moral sentiment, and the other qualities of a good story-teller for the young, belonging to Mrs. Hofland.

ANECDOTES OF THE PURITANS. New York: published by M. W. Dodd; sold in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

Made of noble stuff the Puritans were, beyond all question. Equally unquestionable is it that they had a certain truculence about them, not altogether desirable to be reproduced in these days. Some of these anecdotes look as if their editor might take an undue satisfaction in the Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord feature of the Puritanical character. Others are in bad taste. Others are flat.—But many of them are instructive, and most of them interesting.

SACRED SCENES AND CHARACTERS: by J. T. Headley.

The author,—who ought to know,—says that "the motive which has induced him to write these sketches, as well as the 'Sacred Mountains,' is to render more familiar some of the most interesting scenes described in the Bible." Mr. Headley's style need not be characterized. We have no hesitation in saying we prefer that of the Scriptures themselves; though it does not run nearly as often into what is commonly called "fine writing." The book is beautifully prepared for the parlor table: failing eyes might read its clear, large print; many vivid and fanciful passages will be found in it; and the engravings are decidedly bad.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND. Charles Spear, Editor and Proprietor. December No.

We consider it important that the view given by this Magazine of all subjects connected with Criminal Treatment and Reform should be presented.—Whatever extremes its friends might possibly pass into, if they were unrestrained by conservative influences, are quite certain to be prevented by all the legal forms, statutes and institutions of the State. We hope it will continue to be as well conducted as it is now; and that it will be as sedulous to diffuse a detestation and horror of crime, as to plead for a mitigation of penalties.

UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL REGISTER FOR 1850.

The Unitarian Congregational Register for 1850 comes to us with the following pleasant greeting:

"The Annual Register sendeth this to the Weekly Register:—

> The humblest namesake that ever was seen,
> Denied by Orthodox sects to have grace,
> Half the joy of my life would be lost, as I ween,
> Without a kind smile from *your face*."

We are very glad to welcome this annual Register of our denomination. In addition to the days of the week and the usual calculations of an Almanac, it contains a large amount of statistical information, concerning the Unitarian body, which cannot be found elsewhere, and to which are appended many beautiful thoughts from our favorite writers. We hope its reception will be such as to ensure its continuance for the future. It deserves a wide circulation.

FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN: by L. M. Child.—MARY HOWITT'S STORY BOOK: with Illustrations.

Both of the above works are published and for sale by G. S. Francis of New York, and J. H. Francis, 128 Washington Street. They are by two of the best living writers for children. No one can make a mistake, in giving to a child, as a holiday present, the choicest productions of Mary Howitt or Mrs. Child.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, Vol. V.

Phillips & Sampson have issued the fifth volume of their very cheap, readable and convenient edition of Hume. It brings the history down to 1660, to the time of the restoration of the Monarchy. We hope the plan of giving cheap but good editions of standard works will be sustained by an abundant public patronage.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE: No. 292.

Whatever else fails, this work, filled with the choicest articles from the latest English Periodicals, always appears regularly and promptly.

Messrs. Crosby & Nichols have sent us "Two New Scholars," and "The Glorious Stranger," both good, (the first excellent) as Christian gifts for children. They have also published Mrs. Hall's Miriam, Joanna of Naples, Elizabeth Carter, and smaller pieces, a book for every family where good books are read and valued. The last article in the volume is alone worth more than the whole volume costs.

Those who have read and admired as much as we have, *A Trap to catch a Sun-beam*, will rejoice to learn that James Munroe & Co. have just published another little volume by the same author. It is called *"Only,"* and a better book of the sort could not be put into the hands of boys from the time when they begin to read till they have reached our period of life, and we cannot say how far beyond.

We have received too late to notice more particularly this week, Mr. Somerville's Physical Geography, a work of established reputation; and Mrs. Hall's Flora's Interpreter—revised and enlarged—a tasteful volume.

We have received from Crosby & Nichols the first volume of Mr. Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature—a noble work, of which we hope to give a more extended notice next week. As a work of learning and talent it belongs to the same place as Mr. Prescott's histories here and Mr. Hallam's in England.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE DISTINCTIVE WORK AND PROBLEM OF OUR AGE. Such was the subject of the Rev. Dr. Putnam's lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, last week. A crowded audience filled the hall to overflowing, who had the pleasure of listening to a discourse, replete with Eloquence and beauty.

Dr. Putnam commenced by remarking that Providence has assigned to every age a peculiar work—a task, which the age does not choose, but which He has adapted to its capacity and strength. The question at once, occurs to every mind, what is *our* task; what are the duties, what is the work of the age in which we live.—Looking at the subject merely in an intellectual point of view, the speaker considered the mission of the present day to be the investigation of the laws of physical science. The evident duty of our time and generation is to discover and elucidate the laws that govern the material universe. Our distinctive work is physical research. And everywhere is our age accomplishing this work. Every substance is tortured to ascertain its qualities and powers, and render them subservient to the will of man. Every department of commerce, manufacture, agriculture and science is subjected to the searching power of his intellectual vision, with the hope of discovering new resources, or extending the limits of the old.—The progress which has already been made is marvellous. Indeed it would not surprise us, if the time should soon come, when the air should be navigated as the sea now is; if our houses should be warmed without fuel and lighted without lamps; or if by some hidden electro-magnetic powers, corn should be produced without the labor of seed time and harvest. There are some who complain of this material tendency; who say that we are too much bound to earth, and too forgetful of the soul and its higher interests.—Such complainings, the speaker considered unfounded. He contended that the present age is not less spiritually-minded than former ages, than the thirteenth century, for instance, when the engrossing subject was metaphysical divinity. Besides, it should be remembered that this work has not been our own choice. God has assigned it to us. Other times have had their missions and have fulfilled them. This great work of discovering the secrets of nature and bringing to light and rendering serviceable all her unknown powers has been reserved for our time, and it is our duty to perform it

Such, said Dr. Putnam, is the distinctive work of our age. The *problem* we are called upon to solve, is how to distribute all the fruits of this research, so as to give to every one, in return for his labor, the means of a comfortable and honest livelihood. Statesmen and philanthropists had endeavored in vain to solve this problem. The lecturer did not undertake to do, what they had failed to accomplish. He only threw out a few hints, which might be of service in the search for its solution. He considered the laws of primogeniture and entail, which exists so extensively in Europe, to be so many obstacles in the way of an equitable distribution of the earth's bounty and of the fruits of man's labor. This point was illustrated at considerable length. He then passed, after examining the influence of the institutions of a country upon the comfort of its inhabitants, to the effect of the expenditure of capital. He showed that capital should be invested so as to reproduce itself; that is, it should not be wasted in needless, and unproductive institutions, but be made to stimulate the industry and promote the welfare of all. The governments and military establishments of Europe were referred to in this connection. It appeared from statistics that in France the amount of wealth gathered by the industrial class is about $1,400,000,000, of which the government takes one-fourth for its own use: in Great Britain the amount gathered is $1,800,000,000, and the government takes one-sixth; in the United States the amount is about $2,000,000,000 and the government, in its State, local and town organizations, requires but one forty-eighth.

Another step towards the solution of this problem would be the diffusion of better ideas of the relations between capital and labor. The poor should be shown the fallacy of the notion that capital is opposed to labor; that the interests of the rich are opposed to those of the poor. They should be taught that the real and true interests of all are the same.

This is a meagre outline of Dr. Putnam's lecture, but it may serve to give some idea of his subject and of his manner of treating it. It forms an admirable part of a series of lectures, before the Mercantile Library Association, which were so ably commenced by the Hon. Horace Mann.

REVEREND THOMAS DICK, LL.D. IN EXTREME DESTITUTION. There are no writings on the same class of subjects which have been more extensively used in this country than those of Dr. Dick. Tens of thousands of copies have been circulated among us; and perhaps hundreds of communications have been received by him from Americans, expressing sentiments of respect and admiration for his writings. The writers of these letters little know, that he was in such a state of destitution, that the very postage on the letters which they sent him, often "robbed his table of everything save the vegetables which he cultivated with his own hands in his garden." The last number of Burritt's Christian Citizen contains a most affecting appeal for him. Dr. Dick is now nearly eighty years old. He has been very sick and can write no more for the world. His income is entirely cut off, and he is in a state of extreme destitution. If only a cent a copy could be paid him for every volume of his works that has been sold here, or a few cents could be contributed by each person who has profited by his writings, the good man would be in comparative affluence. Elihu Burritt of Worcester will take charge of any sums that may be forwarded to him; or, if our readers should any of them be disposed to send a Christmas or New Year's gift where it must do great good, they can forward it through Harnden & Co. or directly by mail to Dr. Dick, whose post-office address is *Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, Scotland.* The postage on a package weighing less than half an ounce is only twenty-four cents.

DR. GEORGE PARKMAN. The Coroner's Jury, who have been holding an inquest upon the parts of a human body, found in one of the rooms of the Medical College in Grove street, brought in their verdict last week, after a session of ten days. Most of our readers probably know the nature of the verdict which has been rendered. The Jury have identified the remains as being those of Dr. Parkman, and furthermore say that he met with a violent death, in that place, at the hands of Dr. John W. Webster. We refer to this fearful matter at the present time, for the purpose of reminding our readers of the nature of this decision and of cautioning them not to be too hasty in their judgment. The verdict of a Coroner's jury is in reality an ex parte statement, preparatory to a thorough judicial investigation. We know not what explanation the accused individual may make of the dreadful charges preferred against him. In this case, the proper authorities have deemed it necessary to withhold much of the evidence upon which the Jury founded their verdict. Until the nature of this evidence is known, and above all, until the statement of the accused is heard, it is our duty as Christians, who wish to do as we would be done by, to suspend our decision, and not to hold a man guilty of such an appalling crime before he has been *proved* to be so.

POLITICS AND UNITARIANISM IN ENGLAND.—We copy the following from an English paper. It is not often that illiberality meets with such an immediate and decided rebuke. We do not envy the Churchman his feelings at the result of the election:

CANTERBURY.—ELECTION OF MAYOR. On the 9th inst a special meeting of the Town Council was held, for the election of a Mayor and a Sheriff for the ensuing year. Alderman Neame proposed, and Alderman Brock seconded, the motion, that John Brent, Esq., should be chosen to fill the former office. This was opposed by Mr. Ward, a Churchman, on the ground that Mr. Brent's Unitarian opinions might be disadvantageous to the interests of the city, by unfitting him for coming in contact with the clergy in public matters! On the division, Mr. Brent was all but unanimously chosen, Mr. Ward being the only person who voted against him. It is gratifying to state, that this outbreak of Orthodox bigotry was strongly reprobated by many members of the court. This is, we believe, the third time that his fellow-citizens have bestowed on Mr. Brent this mark of their esteem and confidence."

THE MORMONS AND JOE SMITH. It appears from the London Times that a large proportion of that strange people who are now peopling the great Anahuac range of the Rocky Mountains, (and asking to be admitted into the Union as a new State,) are yeomen from Yorkshire and Cumberland. That paper concludes an interesting article of this sect, thus:

"But, beyond doubt, the most interesting point of the question is that operation of popular credulity or superstition which still serves to maintain this prodigious doctrine in practical vitality. Joe Smith lived before the world for many years together in the full reality of convicted scoundrelism. There was not an atom of mystery or doubt about the knave's whole character, nor did he even condescend to the common austerities or hypocrisies of a religious impostor. He drank, swore, and swindled; drove about with a lumbering wagon in a broad brimmed hat, cracked his whip like a courier, and could scarcely stutter an intelligible address to extort the dollars of his followers. Yet year after year, as we understand, the emigration still sets towards these fanatical sectaries from the port of Liverpool, and what is even more extraordinary, is found to consist for the most part, of a bettermost sort of people—small farmers, intelligent tradesmen, and well to do laborers, with a respectable portion of capital amongst them. What can be the explanation of this? Is it that colonization, when conducted on professions of religion, however false, possesses attraction above that system which makes no religious provision at all? The anomaly well deserves an inquiry."

MEETING IN BEHALF OF UNITARIANISM.—Agreeably to a notice, which appeared in the last Register, a meeting was held at the chapel of the Church of the Saviour, in Bedford Street, (last Sunday evening,) in behalf of the American Unitarian Association. A very respectable audience attended, which, however, owing to the inclemency of the weather, was not as large as was expected. After an interesting discussion, which was continued until a late hour, the meeting adjourned to the same hour and place, on the following Sabbath. As the subjects, which will be brought before the meeting, are of an important character, a full attendance is requested. We trust there will be entire freedom of discussion, and that the proceedings will be fully reported for the press.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOSTON TEA PARTY. Last Sunday, Dec. 16, was the anniversary of an event which has acquired a world-wide notoriety. On the evening of that day, in the year 1773, a little band of heroes, actuated by a feeling of determined resistance to oppression in any shape, entered some English vessels, which were lying in our harbor, opened three hundred and forty chests of tea, and threw their contents into the water. It was one of the most orderly mobs on record. No damage was done to any individual; nothing but the tea was injured. When their work was accomplished, the party returned to their homes undiscovered, and to this day, the names of those, who were engaged in the affair, remain a profound secret. Those who are curious to know the history of the event will find an unusually interesting account in the Courier of Dec. 15, under the title of "Croaker, No. XXXVI."

REV. DR. KENDALL, of Plymouth, on the first day of January completes the fiftieth year of his settlement as Pastor of the First Congregationalist Church in New England. We understand that the Parish are making arrangements to celebrate the day, and that Dr. Kendall is to preach on the occasion. No man ever passed through a long ministry with a purer name, or enjoyed more entirely the confidence and affection of all with whom he was connected, than the meek and venerable Pastor of the First Church in Plymouth. He has been eminently a man of peace, and has always commended the mild and benevolent qualities of our religion by the beauty of his blameless life.

PEACE.—A spirited Peace meeting was holden in Montreal on Tuesday the 27th of November. A number of religious denominations were represented, and the principal speech of the evening was made by Rev. Mr. Cordner, who had recently returned from the Peace Congress in Paris. A Peace Society was formed on this basis, that "an appeal to arms for the settlement of national or inter-national difficulties, is injurious to the best interests of humanity, and contrary to the spirit of the Christian Religion." Mr. Cordner, was chosen as one of the officers of the Society, and the greatest liberality of feeling seemed to prevail.

SUICIDE OF A UNITARIAN MINISTER.—We copy the following melancholy announcement from the New York Tribune.

Cincinnati, Saturday, Dec. 15.

Rev. James H. Perkins, Pastor of the Unitarian church in this city, committed suicide, last night, by jumping from the ferry boat into the river, while crossing. He left his hat, cloak and memorandum book on board. It was the impression that he was laboring under temporary insanity. He was much esteemed by all who knew him, and leaves an interesting family to mourn his untimely end.

THE RELATIVE PRONOUN. A Cincinnati paper speaks of a hog, *who* did something or other, and a Southern paper speaks of two slaves *which* escaped from Wilmington. That is a sectional grammatical peculiarity, we suppose.

PROPRIETOR'S NOTICE.

We inserted last week a notice to subscribers, to which we respectfully ask the attention of those who may have overlooked it. It is very gratifying to know that it has been kindly received by many, who have already responded to it. In the notice referred to, we stated, that the arrears of this year, in comparison with the receipts of the last, were more than eighteen hundred dollars.

We sent bills last week to some whose accounts were one or more years behind. We shall continue to do so, for some successive weeks; though we hope that those who are aware that their accounts are behind, will not wait for the bills, as there may be some necessary delay in sending them. We venture to repeat the substance of part of our suggestions last week, and say to those who think the subject too small to claim much notice, that the *little* sums in their hands will swell at once to *large amounts* in ours, and give facilities and relief, the importance of which our friends can as little dream of as they would of neglecting their remittances for a day after they shall have realized how essential they are to us, and the relief they would at once afford.

☞ We invite particular attention to a notice in this paper of the Annual Discourse to be at the Old South Church, on Sunday evening, at 7 A. M., by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, in behalf of one of our oldest charitable Societies, the *Howard Benevolent*. We learn that their disposable funds are exhausted, while the calls for relief, from the great increase of the poor among us, never equalled the present time. The well established reputation of the Society and present want of funds, will, we trust, be duly regarded by all who have hearts to feel for others, and the power to relieve them.

☞ We have received too late for our paper this week a letter from President Hitchcock, which we shall be glad to publish next week.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 12, by Rev Phineas Stow, Mr. James A. Jones to Miss Hannah Knowles, both of Wellfleet.
In Roxbury, Dec. 11, by Rev Mr Putnam, Dr Jeremiah Pritchard, Jr., of Porto Rico, to Helen, daughter of Mr Joseph Vila.
In Charlestown, Dec 10, Lieut. Charles E. Blunt, U. S. Corps of Engineers, to Penelope Bethune, daughter of Capt T. S. English, U. S. Marine Corps.
In Milton, Dec. 9, Mr Albert Hayden, of Braintree, to Miss Sarah E. Alexander of M.
In Cohasset, Dec. 9, Capt. Henry Collier to Miss Susan L., daughter of Mr James Willcut, all of C.
In Salem, Dec. 6, Rev Charles Smith of Warren, to Caroline Louis, daughter of Sheriff Sprague.
In North Andover, Dec. 11, by Rev Mr Briggs, Mr Simeon Foster to Miss Elmira Shedd, all of N. A.
In Thibodeaux, La., Mr Sumner Townsend to Miss Ruth Townsend of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dec. 8, of consumption, Lucy Adams, eldest daughter of Mr David C. Ballard, 24.
Dec. 8, J. Addison Norcross, of the firm of Otis Norcross & Co., 29.
Dec. 9, Harriette Augusta, only child of the late Frederick A. and Harriette A. Brigham, 2½ yrs.
Dec. 9, Elias Nichols of Cohasset, 21.
Dec. 9, John Bromfield, Esq., in his 71st year.
Dec. 12, of typhoid fever, Annie Spurr, youngest child of Charles L. and Abby Gibson, 3½ years.
In South Boston, Dec. 12, of consumption, Miss Lavinia Wait, of Paxton, 28.
In Roxbury, Dec. 12, of consumption, Eliza H. Anderson, 18, daughter of Rev Dr Anderson.
In Chelsea, Dec. 8, Sarah, widow of the late Oliver Reed, 60.
In Ipswich, Dec. 11, Daniel Russell, 56, formerly an officer in the State Prison.
In Leicester, 4th inst, Lucy Maria, eldest daughter of Rev. Moses Harrington, 25 years.

> "Dearest one, we give thee up;
> The pang is past our telling,
> And yet, the Lord, who fi li the cup,
> Doth calm our bosoms swelling."

In Ashfield, Dec. 9, Anna Williams, relict of John Williams, Esq., of Conway, and daughter of the late Solomon Stoddard, Esq., of Northampton, 80.
In Cambridgeport, Dec. 10, of typhoid fever, George B. Bacon, 47.
At Auburn Dale, Dec. 10, Mrs Lucy W., wife of Chas. C. Burr of Boston, 27.
In Brookfield, Dec. 1st, Mrs Sarah Crosby, 79, widow of the late Hon. Oliver Crosby.
In Circleville, Ohio, Dec. 5, Harriet N., wife of Watson Gore, Jr., of Boston, 22.
In the Harbor of San Francisco, Oct. 11, of consumption, Mr Elnathan Jones, of Cambridge, Mass., 38, passenger.
In San Francisco, Oct. 9, Mr Wm. H. Tileston, youngest son of Mr Timothy Tileston of this city, 25.
At the Mines, about 70 miles from Sacramento, Cal., Oct. 8, Mr John Tolman, Jr., of Jamaica Plain, son of John Tolman, of Dorchester, 25.

NEW CHRISTMAS TALE—"ONLY."

BY the Author of "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM." "ONLY",—will be published on Saturday, 22d, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington Street, where may be found a large assortment of Books, Instructive and Entertaining, intended to cultivate the affections, sympathies, fancy and imagination of children—suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

Every-day reading, Juvenile, Family, Parish, Social and District School Libraries,

AT PRICES, VERY LOW,

so that all classes may have a well selected Library to begin a Happy New Year—

WHERE TO BUY BOOKS, of

JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington Street, Boston, and Lyceum Building, *Cambridge*.
dec22 1is2os

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 293. 12½ cents.

CONTENTS.

1. Miss Pardoe's Francis the First—Spectator.
2. Herman Melville's Redburn— "
3. Hudson's Bay Territory "
4. Humboldt's Aspects of Nature—North British Review.
5. Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey—Examiner.
6. Ode for the Peace Congress, 1849—For the Living Age.
7. Scenes from the Life of an Unprotected Female; Scene 2—Punch.
8. Louis Napoleon his own Master—Examiner.
9. The Hungarian Exiles— "
10. The Most Effectual Securities for Peace—Examiner.
11. Canadian Annexation— "

With SHORT ARTICLES and POETRY.

Published weekly at Six Dollars a Year, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts. dec22

MY Teacher's Present, for 1850. On Christmas Week, will be issued, "My Teacher's New Year's Present, for 1850," by Rev. F. T. Gray.
Also, a limited number of the same work, entitled "My Pastor's New Year's Present."
On hand, an elegant assortment of New Year's Books.
BENJ. H. GREENE,
dec22 3t 124 Washington st.

PEABODY'S Literary Remains. This day published, and for sale by BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street. "The Literary Remains of the late Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, D. D." This volume is composed of Prose and Poetical Writings of the author, and is embellished with a Portrait. 3t dec22

THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY.

☞ The Children's Missionary, Mr. Barry, has labored for many months in this city. He has obtained places for a large number of destitute children, has induced others to attend our day Schools and Churches, and has established a Sunday School, which has done much good and is increasing in usefulness.

At the present time many children who come under Mr. Barry's influence, are suffering for want of proper clothing. If any young persons have garments which they would like to have judiciously bestowed, they will be most acceptable, and will be grateful by received, if left at Mr. Barry's residence, No. 8 Ashland Avenue, (near 600 Washington st.) or (if more convenient) at No. 11 Essex st.

R. C. WATERSTON

*** If any children in the country, or sewing circle connected with our Churches, should desire to send a gift, it would be most welcome. tf dec8

☞ CHRISTMAS EVE. The Ladies connected with the Unitarian society in Manchester, N. H., propose having a sale of useful and fancy articles on Christmas Eve, 24th inst, at the City Hall, to aid in furnishing their church and paying some other expenses attendant on its recent enlargement.

They will gladly receive any articles which may be left for them at the bookstore of Crosby & Nichols, 111 Washington st.; or with R F. Fuller, Esq., 10 State st. and will also welcome any friends from abroad who can be present on the occasion.

It is intended to have a Christmas tree for which any tasteful or useful articles will be acceptable. nov24

☞ THE BRISTOL COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY will hold its Annual meeting in the *Unitarian* Meeting-house in *Norton*, on *Wednesday*, the 26th inst, at 10 A. M. The Annual business of the Society will be transacted in the morning. The Annual Report and Addresses may be expected in the afternoon.

S. HOPKINS EMERY, Secretary.
Taunton, Dec. 15, 1849.

☞ CHRISTMAS TEMPERANCE MEETING. The Cold Water Army of *Girls* and *Boys* receive a *Christmas Temperance Paper* on Tuesday, the 25th, at 10 o'clock, in Tremont Temple—enter by Iron Gate on the south side, Hall No. 2. A general attendance is requested.
dec22 M. GRANT, Pres. C. W. A.

☞ CHRISTMAS. There will be a public service on Christmas, (Tuesday next,) at the "*Church of the Saviour*," in Bedford Street, commencing at 10½ o'clock. dec22

☞ Attention is asked to G. & C. Merriam's Advertisement of WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, in another column. It is a work that attracts great attention wherever it is known. dec15 3t

☞ CHRISTMAS EVE. There will be religious services in the Congregational Church in West Bridgewater on Christmas Eve, the 24th inst. A sermon will be preached on the subject of PEACE, by the Pastor. dec22

☞ CHRISTMAS EVE. There will be religious services in the INDIANA STREET CHURCH, next Monday evening, Dec. 24, at 7 o'clock. dec22

☞ HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. The Thirty-Seventh Anniversary of this Society, will be held on Sunday evening, the 23d inst, at the Old South Church, at 7 o'clock. Discourse, by the *Rev. Dr. Tucker*.

The calls on this Society were never so numerous as at the present time, while the disposable funds of the Society are exhausted. It is to be hoped that the *collection, on this occasion*, will be such, as to enable the *Committee, to relieve in some measure the suffering of the poor*, at this inclement season of the year.

M. GRANT, Pres. H. B. Society.
ARTEMAS SIMONDS, Sec'ry. dec22

☞ ANNUAL RE-UNION. The subscriber affectionately invites all *adults*, who have at any time been under his care and instruction, and all teachers ever associated with him, to meet him at the residence of his son, Dr. W. Henry Thayer, No. 24, Harrison Avenue, near Essex Street, on New Year's evening, at 7 o'clock.
dec22 2p G. F. THAYER.

☞ BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS. The members of this Association will meet at the house of Rev. S. Lothrop, in Court Street, on Monday, P. M. next, (Dec. 24th.)
dec22 S. B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ THE CHILDREN'S MISSION. The subscriber has the pleasure of acknowledging the following sums of the Children's Mission.

From the Hancock Sunday School, connected with the Second Church, (Rev. Mr. Robbins',)	$10 00
From the South Congregational Church Sunday School, (Rev. Mr. Huntington's,)	4 59
From the First Christian Church, (Rev. Mr. Edmunds',)	25 00
From a Friend, by the hands of Geo. Merrill, Esq.,	5 00
" King's Chapel, Sunday School,	50 00
" the Sunday School of the Church of the Saviour,	20 00
" the Thirteenth Congregational Church Sunday School, (Rev. Mr. Coolidge's,)	10 00
From the New North Sunday School,	10 00
" the Bulfinch Street Church Sunday School,	8 00
" the Suffolk Street Chapel Sunday School,	8 00

Also, in addition to the above from the Boston Sunday Schools, a very generous donation from the Children of the Sunday School, connected with the Rev. N. Hall's Church, Dorchester, of 16 00

BENJ. H. GREENE, Treasurer of the Children's Mission for the Children of the Destitute. dec22

☞ MEETING IN BEHALF OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. An adjourned meeting will be held at the Chapel of the Church in Bedford Street, next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, preparatory to action in the congregations of this city and vicinity, for enabling the American Unitarian Association to carry out more fully its purposes in the support of Christian preachers and the circulation of religious writings. Gentlemen interested in the subject are requested to attend the meeting and take part in its proceedings. F. C. MANNING, Sec'y.
Boston, Dec. 22.

GREAT BARGAINS

Expiration and Dissolution

OF THE COPARNERSHIP

—OF—

Geo W. Warren & Co,

—ON THE—

First of February Next,

IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH IT BECOMES NECESSARY TO

SELL OFF

THE ENTIRE STOCK

—OF THE—

Ladies' Exchange.

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nov10 1stf

Young Ladies'

PREPARATORY AND HIGH SCHOOL,

TO commence on Monday, October 1st. Hours, 9 till 2. Designed to furnish a thorough course of Instruction, under the best Teachers, in every branch of Female Education.—to qualify Young Ladies for any sphere of duty, or any circle in society.

Our rooms are spacious and retired, comprising a

LADIES' SELECT

FAMILY GYMNASIUM,

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APPROPRIATE GYMNASTIC AND CALISTHENIC APPARATUS,

Affording a variety of agreeable exercise and recreation to be reserved exclusively for the use of Families, free access being given, at stated hours, to the Young Ladies of the School.

Parents wishing to give their daughters a liberal, accomplished, thorough, and healthful education, are respectfully invited to call and examine our arrangements. Liberal reduction made to parents sending more than one Pupil, or for more than one term.

FRANCIS L. CAPEN, *Principal.*
MRS. WM. GARRETT, *Governess*
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POETRY.

MY BABY.

A wanderer from my Father's house in ways perverse and vain,
My Father sent a messenger to lure me back again;
No loud, commanding voice had he, or strength that could essay
Irresolution's step to fix upon a chosen way.

His power was in his helplessness,—his low and plaintive moan—
His deep, persuasive eyes that looked intently in my own,
As if incredulous that I this coarse, cold earth could love;
And nurse, and watch, and weep, and pray, lest he should soar above.

A holy discontent was writ upon his solemn brow,
A heart-sick yearning for his home,—our common shelter now,
And so my baby's work was done:—an angel's high behest
Wrought out in mortal lowliness, upon a sinner's breast.

H. S. W.

[Monthly Religious Magazine.

We thank the author of the following lines, which we have read over many times with increasing pleasure. The sentiment is exceedingly beautiful, and the language and images exquisitely adapted to it. We suppose that we can guess who the author is; and, whether she has or has not,

"Much, perchance, of lattered lore,"

we hope that she will sometimes remember us and our readers.

For the Register.

WE STILL CAN WAIT.

The leaves have fallen from the trees—
For under them grew the buds of May;
And such is constant Nature's way—
Let us accept the work of her hand;
Still if the winds sweep bare the height,
Something is left for heart's delight—
Let us but know and understand.

Bertha looked from the rocky cliff—
Whose foot the tender foam-wreaths kist—
Toward the outer circle of mist
That hedged the old and wonderful sea.
Below her, as if with endless hope,
Up the beach's marbled slope,
The waters clomb unweariedly.

Many a long-bleached sail, in sight
Hovered awhile—then flitted away
Beyond the opening of the bay.
Fair Bertha entered her cottage late;
"He does not come," she said and smiled,
"But the shore is dark and the sea wild,
And, dearest Father, we still must wait."

She hastened to her inner room,
And silently mused there alone,
"Three Springs have come, three Winters gone,
And still we wait from hour to hour;
But earth waits long for her harvest time,
And the aloe, in the northern clime,
Waits a hundred years for its flower.

"Under the apple-boughs as I sit
In May time—when the robin's song
Thrills the odorous winds along—
The innermost heaven seems to ope—
I think, though the old joys pass from sight,
Still something is left for heart's delight—
For life is endless and so is hope.

"If the aloe waits a hundred years—
And God's times are so long indeed
For simple things, as flower and weed,
That gather only the light and gloom,—
For what great treasures of joy and dole,
Of life and death perchance, must the soul,
Ere it flower in heavenly peace, find room.

"I see that all things wait in trust,
As feeling afar God's distant ends—
And unto every creature, he sends
That measure of good, that fills its scope:
The marmot enters the stiffening mould,
And the worm, its dark, sepulchral fold,
To hide there with its beautiful hope."

Still Bertha waited on the cliff,
To catch the gleam of a coming sail—
And the distant whisper of the gale
Winging the unforgotten home;
And hope at her yearning heart would knock,
When a sunbeam on a far-off rock
Married a wreath of wandering foam.

"Was it well?" you ask—nay—was it ill?
Who sate, last year, by the old man's hearth—
The sun had passed below the earth,
And the first star locked his western gate—
When Bertha entered her darkening home
And smiling said—"He does not come;
But, dearest Father, we still can wait?"

W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONSOLATION.

My father, our work is fatiguing to-day; the spade rebounds upon the parched earth; the sun darts rays of fire; the dust raised by the south wind blows in whirlwinds over the plain.

My son, He who sends burning gales sends also bedewing cloudlets. To each day belongs its pain and its hope, and after labor comes repose.

My father, do you see those poor plants, how they languish, and how their yellow leaves droop down their exhausted stalk?

They will rise up again, my son; no blade of grass is forgotton; fruitful rains and fresh dews are always provided for it amidst the celestial treasures.

My father, the birds are silent in the foliage; the quail, immovable in the furrow, does not even recal its companion; the heifer seeks the shade; and the ox, with his limbs folded beneath his heavy body, his neck stretched out, dilates his large nostrils, in order to respire the air which he is in need of.

God, my son, will restore the birds their voices, and the oxen their strength, exhausted by the extreme heat. The breeze which will re-animate them already glides over the sea.

Let us seat ourselves, my father, upon the fern that bordera the pond, near the old oak whose hanging branches so gently touch the surface of the water. How calm and transparent it is? How gaily the fishes play there? Some pursue their winged prey, poor goats just entered into being; others, raising their heads, with their mouths half open, appear to be softly kissing the air.

He who has made all things, my son, has everywhere bestowed his inexhaustible gifts, life, and the joy of life. Evil consists only in appearance, 't is the dark side of love, the similitude of good, its shadow.

And yet, my father, you suffer. What labor, what fatigue, you endure, in order to provide for our wants! Are you not poor? Is not my mother poor! It is the sweat of your brow which has given me food; have you ever, for one single day, had the morrow provided for!

What signifies the morrow to us, my son? The morrow belongs to God; let us confide in Him. Whose rises in the morning knows not whether he shall see the evening. Why, then, trouble and disquiet one's self about a time which will perhaps never arrive! We live here below like the swallow, seeking from day to day the bread of each day, and like her, when the winter approaches, a mysterious power draws us to milder climes.

What is this, my father! It resembles a corpse wrapped in its shroud, or an infant rolled in swaddling clothes.

My son, it was a crawling worm, it will soon be a living flower, an aerial form, which, decked in its brightest colors, will rise towards heaven.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Christ's cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bare; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbour.

Hold fast Christ, but take his cross and himself cheerfully. Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, however they part at heaven's door.

To be crucified to the world is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be: how heavenly a thing is it to be deaf and dead to this world's sweetest music!

Make others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking, and thinking; your *actions* will speak of him, if he be in you.

Go where you will, your soul will find no rest but in Christ's bosom. Inquire for him, come to him, and rest you on Christ the Son of God.—I sought him, and I found in him all I can wish or want.

Lose not sight of Christ in this cloudy and dark day; learn not from the world to serve Christ, but ask himself the way; the world is a false copy, and a deceitful guide to follow.

All come not home at night who suppose they have set their faces heavenward; it is a woful thing to die, and miss heaven; how many a mere professor's candle is blown out, and never lighted again! Many, now, take Christ by guess; therefore, I say, be sure you take Christ himself; his sweet working in the soul will not lie, it will soon tell whether it be Christ indeed whom you have met with.

The day of the Lord is at hand, when all men shall appear as they are; there shall be no borrowed colors in that day. men borrow the lustre of Christianity, but how many counterfeit masks will be burned in the day of God.

I wish our thoughts were, more frequently than they are, upon our country! heaven casteth a sweet perfume afar off to those who have spiritual senses.

Go on in the strength of the Lord, and but Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we *employ* not his love, and therefore we *know* it not.

More I can neither wish nor pray, nor desire for you, than Christ, singled and chosen out from all things, even though wearing a crown of thorns. I am sure the saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not half of what we love when we love Christ.

I would not have believed that there is so much in Jesus as there is. It is little to see him in a book; but to draw nigh to Christ is another thing.

That Christ and a sinner should be one, and share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation; what more could love do? [Rutherford's Letters.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

We give below a few extracts from the first volume—all that has yet appeared—of Southey's Life.

Southey was born on the 12th of August, 1774. The relative who exercised most influence over his childhood was Miss Tyler, an aunt, whose character and tastes he has depicted in his letters to John May, with great freshness of coloring. She was fond of the stage, and the dramatic and literary society, which was to be found occasionally in her house, excited in her nephew the first feeling of ambition to excel in those pursuits to which his life was devoted. His poetic tendencies, however, showed themselves when he was yet in his infancy; and they were fostered by the unrestricted perusal of Shakspeare, and some of the great contemporary writers. Speaking of being sent to school when he was eight years old, he says—

SOUTHEY'S EARLY READING.

"My grandmother died in 1782, and either in the latter end of that year, or the ensuing January, I was placed at poor old William's, whom, as that expression indicates, I remember with feelings of good will. I had commenced poet before this, at how early an age I cannot call to mind; but I very well recollect that my first composition, both in manner and sentiment, might have been deemed a very hopeful imitation of the Bellman's verses. The discovery, however, that I could write rhymes gave me great pleasure, which was in no slight degree heightened when I perceived that my mother was not only pleased with what I had produced, but proud of it. Miss Tyler had intended, as far as she was concerned, to give me a systematic education, and for this purpose (as she afterwards told me) purchased a translation of Rousseau's Emilius. That system being happily even more impracticable than Miss Edgeworth's, I was lucky enough to escape from any experiment of this kind, and there good fortune provided for me better than any method could have done. Nothing could be more propitious for me, considering my aptitudes and tendency of mind, than Miss Tyler's predilection, I might almost call it passion, for the theatre. Owing to this, Shakspeare was in my hands as soon as I could read; and it was long before I had any other knowledge of the history of England than what I gathered from his plays. Indeed, when first I read the plain matter of fact, the difference which appeared then puzzled and did not please me, and for some time I preferred Shakspeare's authority to the historian's.

"It is curious that 'Titus Andronicus' was at first my favorite play; partly, I suppose, because there was nothing in the characters above my comprehension; but the chief reason must have been that tales of horror make a deep impression upon children, as they do upon the vulgar. for whom, as their ballads prove, no tragedy can be too bloody; they excite astonishment rather pity. I went through Beaumont and Fletcher also, before I was eight years old; circumstances enable me to recollect the time accurately. Beaumont and Fletcher were great theatrical names, and therefore there was no scruple about letting me peruse their works. What harm, indeed, could they do me at that age! I read them merely for the interest which the stories afforded, and understood the worst parts as little as I did the better. But I acquired imperceptibly from such reading familiarity with the diction, and ear for the blank verse of our great masters."

Of the society at his aunt's house, he says—

"Miss Tyler was considered as an amateur and patroness of the stage. She was well acquainted with Henderson, but of him I have no recollection. He left Bath, I believe, just as my playgoing days began. Edwin, I remember, gave me an ivory windmill, when I was about four years old; and there was no family with which she was more intimate than Dimond's. She was thrown also into the company of dramatic writers at Mr. Palmer's who resided then about a mile from Bath, on the Upper Bristol Road, at a house called West Hall. Here she became acquainted with Coleman and Sheridan, and Cumberland, and Holcroft: but I did not see any of them in those years; and the two former, indeed never. Sophia Lee was Mrs. Palmer's most intimate friend; she was then in high reputation for the first volume of the Recess, and for the Chapter of Accidents. You will not wonder, that hearing, as I continually did, of living authors, and seeing in what estimation they were held, I formed a great notion of the dignity attached to their profession. Perhaps in no other circle could this effect so surely have been produced as in a dramatic one, where ephemeral productions excite an intense interest while they last. Superior as I thought actors to all other men, it was not long before I perceived that authors were still a higher class."

Hoole's translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered" fell in his way when he was about ten years old, and was read with eager interest. A deeper impression was made upon him by the same writer's version of the "Orlando Furioso;" and this led to a knowledge of Spenser and the "Faery Queen," which, as may be easily understood, had a large share in the development of his poetical character:

THE FAERY QUEEN.

"There, in the notes, I first saw the name of Spenser, and some stanzas of the Faery Queen. Accordingly, when I returned the last volume I asked if that work was in the library. My friend Cruett replied that they had it, but it was written in old English, and I should not be able to understand it. This did not appear to me so much a necessary consequence as he supposed, and I therefore requested he would let me look at it. It was the quarto edition of '17, in three volumes, with large prints folded in the middle, equally worthless (like all the prints of that age) in design and execution. There was nothing in the language to impede, for the ear set me right where the uncouth spelling (orthography it cannot be called) might have puzzled the eye; and the few words which are really obsolete, were sufficiently explained by the context. No young lady of the present generation falls to a new novel of Sir Walter Scott's with keener relish than I did that morning to the Faery Queen. If I had been asked wherefore it gave me so much more pleasure than even Ariosto had done, I could not have answered the question. I now know that it was very much owing to the magic of its verse; the contrast between the flat couplets of a rhymester like Hoole, and the fullest and finest of all stanzas written by one who was perfect master of his art. But this was not all. Ariosto too often plays with his subject; Spenser is always in earnest. The delicious landscapes which he luxurates in describing, brought everything before my eyes. I could fancy such scenes as his lakes and forests, gardens and fountains presented; and I felt, though I did not understand, the truth and purity of his feelings, and that love of the beautiful and the good which pervades his poetry."

A love of neatness and method was conspicuous in Southey's life, and even in his literary productions. He derived it, in no small degree, from his aunt, with whom, however, it amounted to a disease. He says—

DUSTO-PHOBIA.

"Most people, I suspect, have a weakness for old shoes; ease and comfort and one's own fireside are connected with them: in fact, we never feel any regard for old shoes till they attain to the privilege of age, and then they become almost as much a part of the wearer as his corns. This sort of feeling my aunt extended to old clothes of every kind; the older and the raggeder they grew, the more unwilling she was to cast them off. But she was scrupulously clean in them; indeed, the principle upon which her whole household economy was directed was that of keeping the house clean, and taking more precautions against dust than would have been needful against the plague in an infected city. She labored under a perpetual *dusto-phobia*, and a comical disease it was; but, whether I have been most amused or annoyed by it, it would be difficult to say. I had, however, in its consequences an early lesson how fearfully the mind may be enslaved by indulging its own peculiarities and whimsies, innocent as they appear at first.

"The discomfort which Miss Tyler's passion for cleanliness produced to herself, as well as to her little household, was truly curious: to herself, indeed, it was a perpetual torment; to the two servants a perpetual vexation, and so it would have been to me if nature had not blest me with an innate hilarity of spirit which nothing but real affliction can overcome. That the better rooms might be kept clean, she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was underground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor, and a skylight (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room; this was more like a scullery), we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company; except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlor I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the teakettle to be emptied and refilled, because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humors till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean; all who were not her favorites were included in that class. A chair in which an uncleam person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair: how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use, she knew not! On such occasions, her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress,—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish."

TO MAKE A GOOD MINISTER.

In this age of change and fastidious tastes, when every church is desiring and seeking a good minister, any help to secure such a boon must be of great service to the cause of Christ. I have met the following fact, which seems to indicate an available method if not always a sure one, which I could commend to the prayerful consideration of the readers of the *Mirror*:

"A young man was settled in a large and popular congregation in New-England, under very flattering circumstances. The church and people had settled him with the belief that he was a young man of more than ordinary talents, and with the expectation of his becoming a distinguished man. After a year or two, when the novelty of the thing had worn off, the current seemed to change, and the feeling prevailed that Mr. B——was not, nor likely to be, quite what they expected. He did not grow as they thought he would; he did not perform that amount of labor which was needed to build up the church, and interest the congregation. Things dragged heavily. The young man felt the influence of the chill atmosphere which thus surrounded him. His spirits sunk, his health run down, and it was whispered around in the society, and in the neighboring towns, that Mr. B——would have to leave; he was not the man for the place; he was not the man of talents which they had anticipated.

"While things were in this state, at a meeting of the church, when the pastor was absent, (perhaps called to see what should be done,) Mr. O——, an intelligent member of the church, arose and said, "Brethren, I think we have been in fault respecting our minister. I think he is a young man of superior talents, and will one day be a distinguished man. But we have not sustained and encouraged him as we should. We have not spoken of him to others with esteem and confidence, as we should. We have been standing and looking on, expecting him to raise both himself and us to eminence. Now let us adopt a different course. Let us encourage our minister with our prayers, our sympathies and efforts. Let us speak of him with esteem and confidence to others, and say that we think him a man of talent, and who bids fair to be a distinguished man."

"The thing was agreed on. The leading men set the example. Very soon every one was speaking in favor of Mr. B——. His people visited him, sympathized with him, encouraged him; and people out of the society began to think that Mr. B—— was rising in the estimation of his people. The young man felt the change. The cold, damp chill, by which he had been surrounded, and which had benumbed the energies of his soul, was exchanged for a warm, genial atmosphere. His spirits rose, his health returned, his energies awoke, and he soon showed to all that he had within the elements of a man. Several revivals have attended his labors. In the affections of the church and people he has long since firmly established himself. They delight in him as a man of talent, as well as a good man. His name has become enrolled honorably among American authors, and he is one whom his own church and the churches of New-England delight to honor."

A minister may rightly claim the prayers, sympathies and aid of his church, and if these are withheld, they cannot complain if he lives in a frigid atmosphere. Their prayers, sympathies and co-operation will vitalize his moral powers, and stimulate his mental. This spirit of sympathy and prayer would lead the Christian to agonize in prayer for the Divine Spirit to accompany the Sabbath message to the heart of the sinner, rather than to hear with a critical ear the sermon of the preacher. When Christians listen on the Sabbath with the feelings of our Puritan ancestors, who were wont to inquire after the services, "Who was wrought upon today!" and were disappointed if the answer came, "No one,"—we may expect that ministers will have the sympathies and prayers of the church, and will be greatly successful. [Christian Mirror.

WIRT'S OPINION OF DR. WATTS.

"I bought the other day," he says in a letter to his wife, "a copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns. Do you know that I never think of this man, without such emotions as no other human being ever inspires me with? There is a loftiness in his devotion, and an indifference, approaching to contempt, for the praise or censure of the beings of this nether world, which is heroic and sublime. It is so awfully great that even old, surly, growling Johnson, with all his high-church pride and arrogance, felt its influence, and scarcely dared to whisper a criticism in his life of Dr. Watts, which is a curiosity in this particular. What a soul of celestial fire, and, at the same time, of dissolving tenderness was that! How truly did he devote all the faculties of that soul to the contemplation of the glory of God and of the Saviour! He was, indeed, "ever journeying home to God." and seems to have stopped half-way between earth and heaven to compose this excellent book. His was a rapt soul, and I never feel my own worthlessness so forcibly as when I read his compositions and compare my spirit with his."

THE COMPLAINING BOY.

"I do wish papa would not be so strict with me," said John to himself, as he left the house with a very unamiable expression of countenance. He went away by himself to an apple tree which stood behind the barn. "I should think," said he, as he threw himself with some force on the grass under the tree. "I should think that he might let me do as the other boys do sometimes. The other boys can go where they have a mind to, but I must always stay at home."

At this moment, his favorite dog Rover had found him by scenting his tracks, and came and placed his fore paws upon him in play as he was wont to do.

"Get out," said John in a very harsh voice.—Rover lifted up one of his feet, and eyed his young master with a look of astonishment, (I suppose you know how a dog looks when he is astonished,) when he received a kick that made him run to the house, on three legs, crying 'why I? why I?'

John had lain under the tree indulging complaining thoughts, like those above expressed, for nearly half an hour, when his uncle Charles happened to pass along by the tree.

"You don't look well," said he to John, "if you are sick you ought not to lie there, as the ground is somewhat damp."

"I'm not sick," said John peevishly.

"Only cross," said uncle Charles, smiling.—Uncle Charles was one of those persons, who are always especially good natured, when in the presence of those who are cross.

"I have reason to be cross," said John.

"That may be, but I doubt whether it is a good and sufficient one. I have felt cross, sometimes, and thought that I had reason to be cross, but the reason almost always turned out to be an unsound one. Let me hear what yours is."

"Father never lets me go anywhere."

"Don't he! that is rather hard. You always have to run away, when you go from home, do you?"

"If I run away, I always get whipped for it as sure as night comes."

"How is it then? I saw you last Wednesday afternoon with the boys at Mr. Mead's, and on Friday at the lake with the little folks from the city; did you get punished both times?"

"No, sir, papa let me go then."

"I thought you said he never allowed you to go any where."

"He don't let me go where I want to very much."

"That is very likely. Where did you wish to go this afternoon?"

"I wanted to go a fishing with the boys."

"What boys?"

"Benjamin Brooks and William Soles." He ordinarily, I may say, he always called them Ben and Bill! why was he now so particular to give their names in full?

"I cannot say that I think it strange that your father refused to allow you to go with them.—You could not fail of receiving injury."

"They were not going where I could get hurt: they were going to follow the small brook up to the spring. There is'nt a place any where in the brook deep enough to drown me."

"Probably your father was not so much afraid of your receiving injury to your body as to your soul. You know what kind of boys they are.—You would not like to be seen playing in the village with them."

John was silent. He was ashamed to confess the truth. Uncle Charles saw how the case stood, and did not press for an answer to his question.

"Your father knows that it would do you harm to associate with those boys, and you will one day see that he was wise in withholding his permission."

"I have promised him, if he would let me go, I would not learn any of their ways."

"He knows that you cannot help learning their ways if you associate with them. If you think the matter well, you will find that your father is not so very cruel after all." So saying, uncle Charles left John to his reflections. These were by no means pleasant. He at length fell asleep, and had what he called a very bad dream. When he awoke it was dark. He was at first a good deal frightened, for it was some time before he could recollect where he was, and how he came there. He rose and went to the house.—The family had gone to bed. He groped his way to his chamber. As he had slept so large a part of the afternoon, he lay awake a large part of the night, and had ample time to reflect on the folly and sin of his conduct.

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